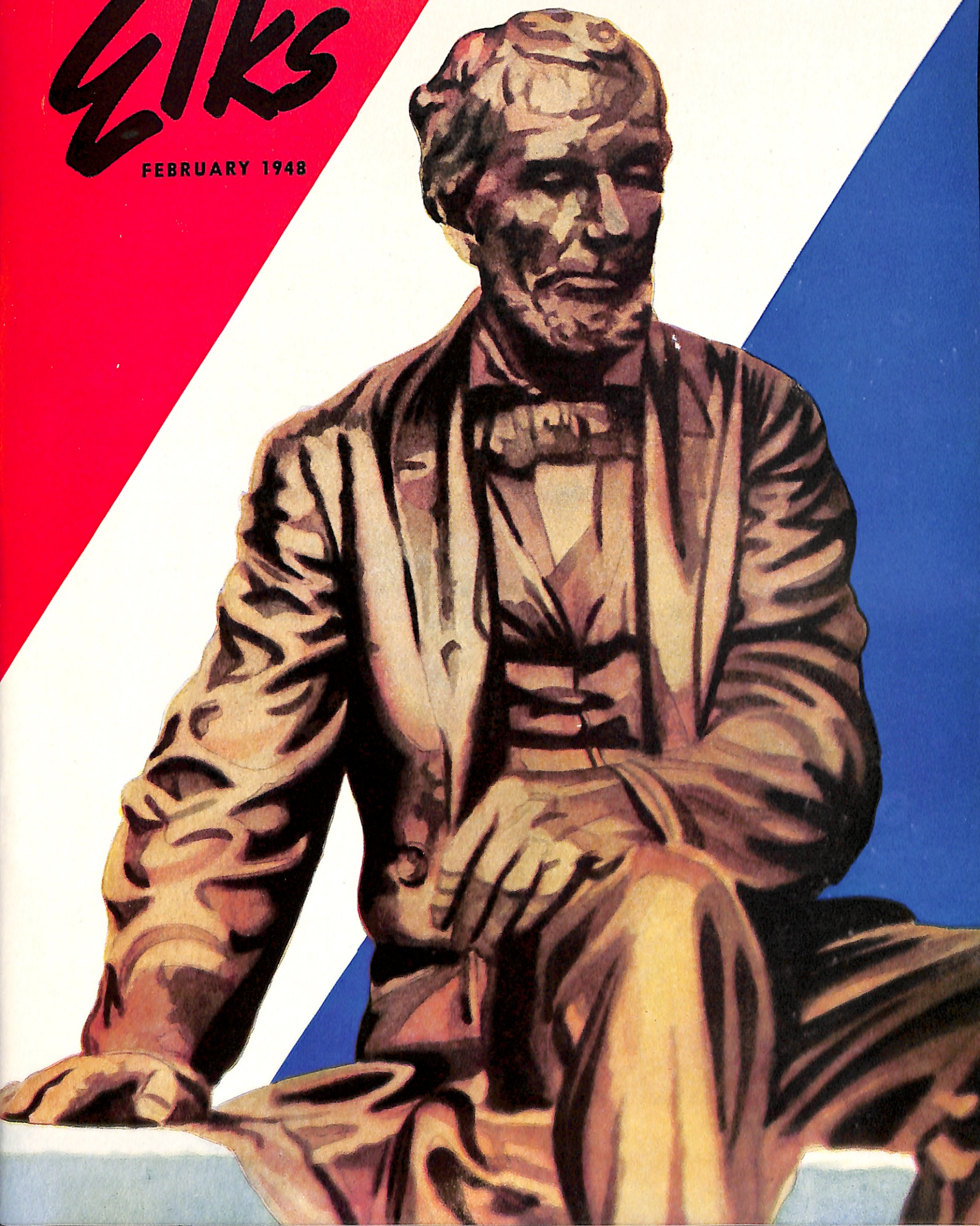


Elks

FEBRUARY 1948





"They always did get a smart crowd here!"

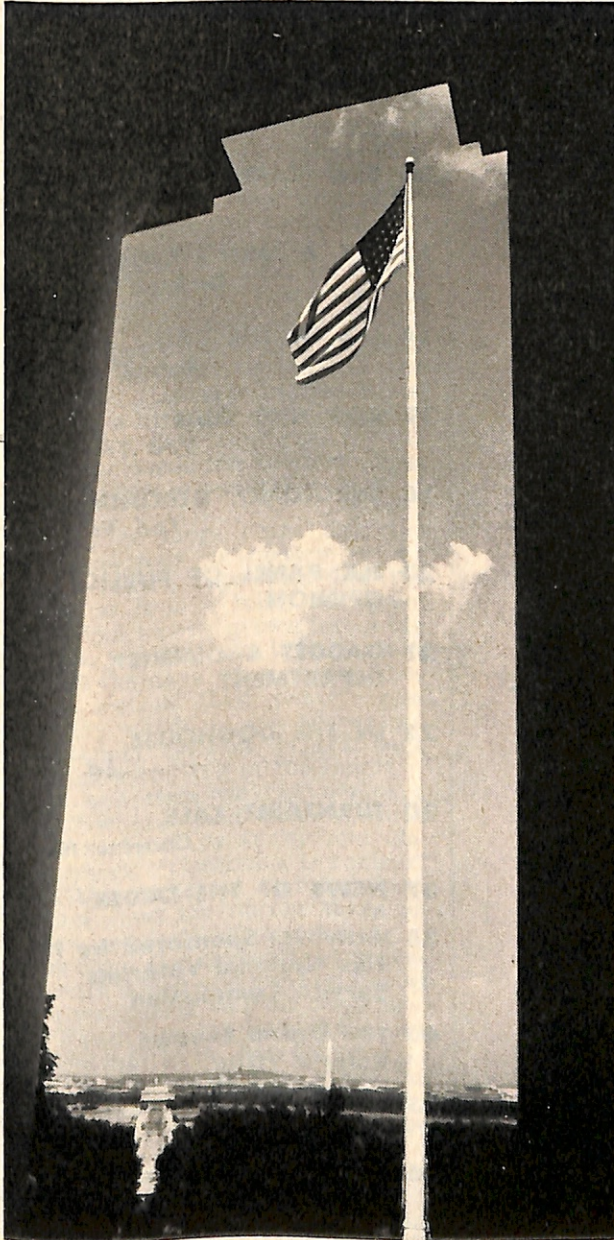
It's the smart folks who are switching to Calvert ...
 because Calvert is smoother and milder. Good taste
*demand*s good-mannered whiskey like this — light,
 flavorful, matchlessly mellow. Try Calvert yourself.
 You'll *like* the agreeable reasons why ...



Calvert Reserve
 CHOICE BLENDED WHISKEY

86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits ... Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City

A message from THE GRAND EXALTED RULER



Ewing Galloway

*"I pledge allegiance to the flag
of the United States of America,
and to the Republic for which it
stands, one Nation, indivisible,
with liberty and justice for all."*

LET'S TALK IT OVER

ON SATURDAY, December sixth, I assisted in the dedication of the Idaho State Elks Convalescent Hospital for Infantile Paralysis Patients. Governor Robbins, mayors and State officials joined with the Elks of Idaho and with me in the great pride of humanitarian accomplishment. Fifty patients, ranging in age from babies to members of the Order, beamed their appreciation. They were happy and confident that they were going to get well and strong again because the Elks of Idaho have generous, unselfish hearts and a compelling love for humanity. "Where the thorns of misfortune had wounded, they made the roses bloom".

And then I thought of the great contrast in the attitude of the leaders of some nations toward the rest of the world—toward the United States and its people. Instead of joining with us to secure a lasting peace, they villify and abuse the people who have helped them preserve their own land. They care not for the happiness of others—they strive selfishly to impose their own form of government upon all the peoples of the world.

What a happy world it would be if all the leaders of the nations of the world could be filled with the same spirit which actuates the Elks of Idaho and Elks everywhere. What happiness and peace could be won for the world if the Elk spirit of unselfish tolerance and good will could permeate the hearts of those leaders. How quickly could a just and lasting peace be secured, driving away all fear from hearts of mothers and fathers of the world.

We should fully appreciate our precious form of government and treasure our priceless liberties. We must shudder at the thought of how intolerable any form of slavery of the individual would be to us.

The birthdays of Washington and Lincoln this month should cause us to rededicate our lives to the preservation and defense of the greatest form of government on the face of the earth—the government every Elk swore to uphold.

I have confidence in the Elks of America.

Sincerely,

L. A. LEWIS

GRAND EXALTED RULER

**TWENTY-FIVE YEARS
AGO THIS MONTH
IN THE ELKS
MAGAZINE**



THE February, 1923, Message of our 1922-23 Grand Exalted Ruler, J. E. Masters, was an encouragement to our lodges to rebound from the 1922 depression by establishing a solid financial footing. "The sooner we meet our obligations, the sooner we will be in a position to do more for those about us," he wrote.

Elk history suggests that the lodges seized his advice. Since 1923, they have acted "to do more for those about us" by expending \$56,414,617 in the name of Charity.

Mr. Masters also commented on this publication, then newly-established: "The Elks Magazine, which is a great help to me in my work," he said, "has but one message and purpose: Better Elks, better Elk lodges, and broader Elk vision."

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, who in 1923 was serving as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee, contributed for this issue a treatise on "Elk Scholarship Foundations" which started the scholarship ball a-rolling. A sizable ball it has become! Mr. Malley keyed his article with the quotation: "They that instruct others unto justice shall shine as stars for all eternity."

This issue's contributors of fiction and articles included names such as Octavus Roy Cohen, William Almon Wolff, Meredith Nicholson, William F. Strum and others who made the literary halls.

In the advertising section, the Chevrolet Motor Company presented an arresting picture of a 1923-model coupe. Top price for a five-passenger sedan was quoted at \$860, f.o.b. Flint. A smaller ad offered pre-cut lumber and all materials for a five-room house at \$538!

Pictured in the 1923 theatrical pages were Ina Claire, Fred and Adele Astaire, James Kirkwood, Genevieve Tobin, Lucrezia Bori, Joseph Schildkraut—most of them just setting timid young feet into scintillating careers.

FEBRUARY, CONTENTS

THE

Elks MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE
BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER
OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF
AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE
DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY
THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND
PUBLICATION COMMISSION

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Postmasters are asked to send Form 3578 notices complete with the key number which is imprinted at upper left-hand corner of mailing address, to The Elks Magazine, 50 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Members are asked, in changing address, to send this information (1) Name; (2) Lodge number; (3) Membership number; (4) New address; (5) Old address. Please allow 30 days for a change of address to be effected. THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Volume 26, No. 9, February, 1948. Published monthly at McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter November 2, 1940, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in Dayton, Ohio. U. S. A. Single copy price, 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and its Possessions, for Elks, \$1.00 a year; for non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Canadian postage, add 50 cents a year; for foreign postage, add \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions are payable in advance. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by sufficient postage for their return via first class mail. They will be handled with care, but this Magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety. Copyright, 1948, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.

IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

WE ARE pleased to republish, on Page 4, an editorial which appeared in all the Hearst newspapers throughout the nation concerning the outstanding work of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission. It was written by Harry H. Schacht of that organization. It is rare that we take the occasion to blow any horns, but in this case we would like to seize the opportunity to make known this unusual tribute to the above mentioned Commission.

"Soothing Syrup" is a story of one of the most colorful episodes in history, and Garald Lagard writes an exciting and sometimes humorous story of the difficulties which existed between the cavalrymen and the Kiowa Indians. In Mr. Fullington, who illustrated this story, we believe we have fulfilled an art editor's dream in "discovering" a new illustrator. We expect to publish more of this talented young man's work.

Ye olde dog fancier, Ed Faust, has extended himself in "Dog Care" on pages 11-12-13. This is a picture story of what to do if your dog suddenly should come down with the mumps and your veterinarian is out delivering a litter. If picture stories, such as this, have an appeal for our readers, we would like to know about it, with a view to publishing more of them.

Twenty or more years ago, the most glamorous characters in the world were the boys who flew the mail. Now it is a fairly humdrum proposition, having grown into a big business. Nonetheless, it is pleasant to recall the days when pilots "flew by the seat of their pants"—nostalgic day which we can all remember. Ronald Schiller brings back memories with "It's in the Bag."

Now and then we run across a piece of whimsy and fantasy which strikes some of us funny and dismays others. "Geronimo, Geronimo" struck this writer as amusing from the idiot slant the author takes on the art—or sport—of parachuting.

This issue also contains many features with which you are familiar as monthly adjuncts to your Magazine.

Ed Faust, like the loyal American we knew him to be, has returned to his native shores with an article on the Boston terrier and other popular American breeds. It is nice to have Mr. Faust home again.

Dickson Hartwell fell afoul of some gun catalogues recently. This so bemused him that his reflections found their way into his column, "It's a Man's World". Mr. Hartwell appears to use "It's a Man's World" as a place for mental catharsis. At any rate he gives his ideas the gun.

Mr. Trueblood has a natural distaste for predators which he calls, in the vernacular, "varmints". He has little or no sympathy for these characters and advises you to get out your little B-B gun.

C. P.

"There are great opportunities here!"



WHEN a young man seeks your counsel in planning a career, you will do well to point out the superb opportunities offered by the new Regular Army. They are opportunities available nowhere else on earth.

- Now, qualified men may select the kind of technical training they want *before* enlisting and be assured of getting it. Over 60 Army Technical Schools to select from, each offering valuable instruction in trades or skills.
- Veterans may reenlist in a grade commensurate with their training and experience.
- Men who prove themselves in basic training can go to the unique "Leadership Schools" where they learn leadership qualities so much in demand today. They may also qualify for entrance to Officer Candidate School or even West Point.
- In the new Army, travel is a broadening experience. Veterans who sign up for three years or more may select their duty station—Europe, the Far East or here in the U. S. Even non-veterans may choose assignment to one of five famous fighting divisions in Japan or Korea.

WITH all these opportunities go many others—a chance to earn a high school diploma or win credits for a college degree . . . highest pay in history, virtually all of it clear . . . excellent food and quarters . . . the companionship of first-class men.

U. S. ARMY AND U. S. AIR FORCE RECRUITING SERVICE

'It Is More Blessed to Give Than to Receive'

By HARRY H. SCHLACHT

*"There was no room for them in the inn,"
So an humble manger became the place
Of birth that was to be the hope of humanity.*

WE ARE approaching the joyous season of Christmas. We are finding happiness in thinking of others. We are becoming sharers in the joy of giving. We are mindful of His teaching that—
"It is more blessed to give
Than to receive."

WE DID not see that in opening the "Inn" within our hearts to those noble qualities, we have grasped the secrets which had long eluded humanity.

For all the while—it was the path to the fulfillment of these—
*"Good tidings of great joy
Which shall be to all people."*

IN THAT spirit the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks was born 80 years ago. It is a great organization of 1,000,000 members. It is composed of great people with great hearts. It is imbued with the spirit of patriotic loyalty. It recognizes the obligation of human brotherhood.

IT IS a beneficent—not merely a benevolent order. It teaches that it is nobler to serve than to be served. That laughter is better than tears, That a kind word is a potent power for good, That life can be sweeter for a song.

*The clasp of a helping hand,
The sunshine of a friendly smile,
Are gifts of greater value
Than gold or precious stones.*

EVERY BPOE member is an American who believes in the Constitution of the United States, Who loves his country, Who subscribes to the constitutional guarantees of liberty and equality. **WHO IS IN ACCORD WITH THE SPIRIT OF TOLERANCE AND GOOD WILL UNDER WHICH OUR COUNTRY AND ITS INSTITUTIONS HAVE THRIVED AND PROSPERED.**

Every BPOE member is an American who finds inspiration in our history, who tolerates only one "ism"—the doctrine of Americanism, who believes there is—

*No flag like Our Flag,
No form of government like our
form of government.*

IT IS an all-American institution. It flourishes in every part of the land and its possessions. It is a militant champion of liberty for which the brave and noble of our Republic fought, bled and died.

The Elks National Veterans Commission is providing Christmas parties for our

heroic sons and daughters of the armed forces who are confined to hospitals throughout the country. This work will continue so long as there is a wounded war veteran in a hospital anywhere.

SO HAIL men of the Elks. You have lived up to your traditions. You have set an example of fellowship and brotherly love that all of us might emulate.

You have given of the best, with beauty, tenderness, loveliness and grace, which man can bestow upon man.

May this movement dedicated to God, country and your fellow man shine on and on with increasing luster and glory with the passing years.

*It is glorious and grand.
It is tender and touching.
It is beautiful and blessed.*

MAY America remember these heroes of ours who have gloriously emblazoned our national ensign from the very battlements of heaven. May the following stirring poem by Captain A. A. Roe find a responsive chord in our hearts:

***STRIKE** up the band, let joy know
no bounds.
The victory is won, the Axis flags are
furled.
The long pent-up voice of freedom
sounds.
The lights of liberty go on o'er all the
world.*

** * *
Platoons of tough, hard fighting men go
marching by,
Sun-tanned, strong, the glint of battle in
their eye.
But lo' midst all this joy and mirth I
hear a sigh,
"Where is my boy?" I hear a trembling
voice nearby.*

** * *
Look down that long list—the injured
and the maimed,
Somewhere on that sad roll you'll find
his name.
For him the fighting—the battle has
just begun,
The fight for rehabilitation for him is
never done.*

** * *
He would not take from the hero sol-
dier's grave,
Not even the slender'st blade of grass
that waves.
Nor would he ask, or wish that you hand
him down,
A single star of honor from the general's
crown.*

** * *
All honor to them—heroes all, but for-
get not these,
Who, on beds of pain, fight on in white
hospital clothes.
Through weeks, months and years, they
lay on cots.
It would be sweet to know America will
forget them not.*

THE accompanying tribute to the Order, with special recognition of the Christmas campaign of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission under the chairmanship of Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, written by Mr. Harry H. Schlacht of the Hearst organization, appeared Christmas week in all the Hearst newspapers in America.

ELK NEWSLETTER

★ WASHINGTON

Problems now before the new Congress reflect the currents and crosscurrents of the Nation. The Marshall Plan heads the Administration's "must" list, as President Truman made clear in his message to Congress. While providing a minimum of four years of financial aid to Europe, economists estimate it would prevent a reduction of \$50 on each \$200 of annual taxes which might otherwise be possible.

Less publicized, but perhaps more important--long-range--is the decision the new Congress must make on Federal aid to science. Now before the legislators is the five-volume report of the President's Scientific Research Board--"Science and Public Policy". It places the Nation's present research and development budget at \$1,160,000,000, exclusive of atomic energy. But Dr. John R. Steelman, Board Chairman, recommends gradual increases to hike research outlays to \$2,000,000,000 by 1957--or one per cent of the national income.

Big flaw in the Steelman report--its failure to provide for coordination of Federal and Industrial Research--was pointed out by John W. Boyer, Washington chemical engineer, before the Association of Synthetic Organic Chemical Manufacturers in New York last month.

★
Hope that Canada's new restrictions on the importation of U. S. forest products might free tight materials for domestic building have been sent glimmering by the Department of Commerce.

An annual volume of \$23 million worth of U. S. forest products was affected by Canada's move to conserve its supply of U. S. dollars, with sheathing and insulation, prepared roofings, clapboards, hardwood flooring and other items under interdict. But Commerce officials point out that total exports of most of these items are small in relation to total production. Hardwood flooring, gypsum board and lathing exports in the third quarter of 1947 totalled only 0.4 per cent of production, respectively. Only substantial building material exports are concrete reinforcing bars and fabricated structural steel.

Meanwhile early winter construction

reports indicate that building experienced a less-than-seasonal drop throughout the United States. Total new construction in 1947 was 29 per cent ahead of 1946.

On the pre-fab front, the Office of Technical Services has now released a report on German prefabricated housing techniques. Described in detail are two types of emergency dwellings built of pre-cast concrete slabs. In contrast to Sweden, where skilled crews erect the actual shell from prefabricated wood panels, or to the United States, where a prefabricated dwelling is not turned over to its owner until it is completely erected and all its utilities are connected, German owners were expected to do all the inside finishing and erect the shell.

★
More valued than Germany's housing plans today are Germany's precious stores of scrap metal--residues of war. An eight-man U. S. mission reached Germany last month to determine the quantity and location of iron and steel scrap in the possession of U. S. occupation forces. Appointed by Commerce Secretary Harriman, the mission will report on the possibility of obtaining rubble and indigenous scrap from Germany for use in U. S. steel mills, while implementing the government's foreign recovery plans at the same time.

★
Although the first quarter of 1948 already is nearly ended, the Association of American Railroads reports that its freight loadings are expected to exceed those for the same period of 1947--by more than 3.5 per cent. Freight loadings in 1947 exceeded those for 1944, the peak war year, by 1,095,054 cars, or 2.5 per cent.

Domestic airline traffic also expanded since the war, but the airlines are not happy. Their operating expenses have grown faster than their revenues and 1947 deficits exceeded those of 1946 in most cases.

★
Army-Navy unification is about due for a real test, as far as popular support is concerned. Appointed by Secretary of Defense Forrestal, a Committee on Medical
(Continued on page 35)



Soothing Syrup

BY GARALD LAGARD

Captain Bostwick felt that the country "gripped him." It certainly did.

IN FORT SILL the Springfields were conveniently racked against the coming of Spring, and Sergeant Salem Ogden walked the length of the company street, sniffing the wind nervously. Blooded twice, once near the Canadian, once at the Salt Fork of the Red, the wish for Spring was no longer in him. The prairie grass was already heavy, and the Kiowas were camped at the Big Bend of the Washita with fat saucy ponies and young men feeling their power. If it blew warm from Texas, the young men would go there, kill somebody and steal a few horses, as was the custom.

Ogden's breakfast lay heavy on his stomach. He was trying to stretch his luck against one too many prairie Springs, to cover three more days until his last hitch was up. And a guide detail to a new officer was not in his best interests. He had hoped to sit it out in barracks, studying the highly colored plates in *Doctor Brummly's Guide to Health and Medicine*, which had been the property of the late regimental surgeon. The surgeon had been shot squarely between the eyes by a Kiowa warrior during the late open winter.

The charts were fascinating and educational. The sergeant had carefully circled the areas on the plates where he himself had received wounds, indicated the position of two compound fractures and studied the paper liver and stomach on their hinges and thought of his own, which twenty years of army food had put

in a wretched condition. The book bore a St. Louis publishing house address, and Sergeant Ogden planned to go there and interest Doctor Brummly in treating the physical wreck he knew himself to be.

A man in a fringed buckskin blouse came through the door of the adjutant's office. There was no mark of rank on him, but the eyes he fixed on Sergeant Ogden were cold with authority. He drew on gloves and adjusted his saber sling. The sergeant stared with admiration and envy at the sixteen-shot Henry rifle leaning against the door post. But he looked with no enthusiasm at the owner of it. Then he belched alarmingly as it occurred to him that this was the officer he had drawn for the day.

"I'm Captain Bostwick," the man said. "Are you Sergeant Ogden?" He cradled the heavy rifle. "You know the country?"

Ogden's lean, unhappy face grew sadder. "Yes, sir," he said. "You want to go out?" He rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "It ain't hardly the day for it. If it don't blow it'll be warm."

Bostwick only asked, "How far is the Big Bend?"

"Too far, sir," Ogden risked. "And the Kiowas are there. We could maybe ride up around Mount Scott."

The officer scowled. "Are you afraid of Indians, Sergeant, an old trooper like you?"

"Yes, sir," Ogden said meekly. "That's why I'm old."



A shot boomed from the prairie. Ogden held to the mare's neck. Again the rifle fired.



Illustrated by GILBERT FULLINGTON

The captain's eyebrows went up. "The Kiowas are of some scientific interest," he explained coldly. "They are said to be brachycephalic." "They're just dam' mean, sir," Ogden said. "They up and killed the regimental surgeon, just when he was fixin' to get something done for my stummick."

"The term, Sergeant, refers to the head shape. I hope to do a paper on it."

Ogden looked at him doubtfully. "You figure, sir, on gettin' close

enough to a Kiowa to see what shape his head is? A live and kickin' Kiowa, in the Springtime?"

"Sergeant," Bostwick snapped, "ring up the horses."

As the two rode out onto the grassland Ogden concentrated his distaste on the slope of the captain's shoulders. The sergeant rode with a cavalry slouch, but Bostwick held his seat in a fussy manner, one hand on his hip, and the buckskin thrums on his sleeves fluttered in the wind. The wind made a quiet rustling in

the grass, and the hooves of the horses were stained green to the pastern, and the scent of the pulp rose to tease their nostrils. Bostwick's eyes were attentive to the roll of the prairie and the rise of the Wichita Mountains on their left.

"Nice weather, Sergeant," Bostwick said. "A nice Spring day. This country grips you. It grips you down deep."

Ogden belched absently. "It don't grip me, sir," he said. "Come three days and I'm gettin' out. I've served

my last hitch. My stummick, sir. I got the worst stummick in the army," he ended with gloomy pride.

Bostwick made no comment on the claim, and the sergeant continued with an eager burst of confidence. "I got a book, sir, that tells all about it. Prettiest pictures in it you ever saw. It shows just what's inside a man."

The captain turned and peered at Ogden. He scowled.

"You'd better throw the book away," he said. "Forget your stomach. Damned nonsense, anyway."

Shocked, Ogden lapsed into a bitter silence. He fished in his pocket and drew out a wrinkled root and took a heroic bite out of it. His tongue began to burn. Tears filled his eyes. He swallowed hard, shuddering.

"Powerful stuff," he muttered. "Wonder what it is? It's pretty near as good as calomel." Sergeant Ogden felt better.

They splashed through a small stream where the wild plum and red-buds began their climb up the slope of the Wichitas. Here the valley curved southwest, across the Red Lands and the Texas border and the way the Kiowas went on mischief. Ogden stared down the valley at the swirling dust. But it hid nothing; only the wind was behind it.

"It's fixin' to blow, Captain," he said. "You want to go farther? Pretty soon we'll leave the grass and the dirt'll be movin' heavy in the wind."

"We ride north, Sergeant," Bostwick reminded him, "with the wind at our backs. We'll see the Washita."

"And you'll see the Kiowas, sir," mumbled Ogden. "But a day like this makes the power of the young men mighty strong, and they ain't

going to take to havin' their heads felt."

Bostwick snorted. "The village is still peaceful," he snapped. "There have been no war parties out."

Ogden was moodily silent. He would like to see the living bejassus scared out of one of these dudes, just once. That would be enough. He could live out his life in comfort with just that to remember.

The heavy grass gave way to sparse growth, and the hooves of the horses began to sound with a sharper beat. The wind picked up dust and laid it in a yellow film over the saddles and gun boots. Ogden's teeth grated and his eyes watered, but Bostwick squinted more tightly and continued. The wind plucked at his saber knot, tossed his buckskin fringes and raised the brim of his campaign hat and flattened it above his neck. Ogden mourned steadily to himself, his anxiety increasing as the wind rose to a steady violence. He kept his eyes on the captain's back. Once a trooper had lost a green officer for three days in a snow storm, and what happened to that trooper was never mentioned in barracks.

"Captain," Ogden muttered, "this'll be a real dirt storm. Pretty soon we won't be able to see a thing."

Bostwick said something which was picked up by the wind and flung away. And the air was filled with a rustling that was sand. Ogden worried his neck deeper into his collar. The sand gathered in the folds of his clothing, stuck to his sweaty neck and forehead. He tucked a handkerchief about the lock of his carbine. There was a solid, steady pressure on his back. Bostwick slouched lower in the saddle, while the sand and gravel rattled against his buckskins like spilled shot on a drum head. At

last he drew up, coughing. Ogden squinted at him uneasily.

"We'll go back," Bostwick said savagely. He reined the gelding about, and the animal arched and bucked as the stinging sand filled his eyes and nostrils.

"What ails the beast?" Bostwick panted.

"He don't like sand, sir," Ogden said simply. "We better either stand, or drift with it." He drew a neck cloth up over his face. "Better cover, sir. You'll get your eyes filled with it."

"Damn your advice!" the captain roared, and he urged the gelding into the wind. "I've had all of it I can take!"

Ogden kned his mare about and followed the captain by ear: by the creak of saddle leather, the jingle of saber rings and the steady flow of profanity which came down the wind. From time to time the sergeant felt the force of the wind on one cheek and he reined the mare against her wish to quarter. The storm beat against them for an hour, then it lessened and blew in fitful, dying gusts. Ogden lowered his neck cloth and peered about. Bostwick was bowed in the saddle.

"I can't see a damned thing," he croaked. "My eyes are filled with the stuff."

Ogden dismounted and beat the sand from his blouse and breeches. He unsnapped a canteen, filled his mouth with water, gargled and spat. Then he held the reins of the gelding while Bostwick groped his way to the ground.

"Let's see, sir," Ogden said anxiously. He took hold of an eyelash and rolled the lid up over his finger.

"Let my eyes alone, you idiot!"
(Continued on page 32)



"Lie still!" the captain snapped.
"I didn't know you'd been hit. You've lost blood, man."

What America is Reading

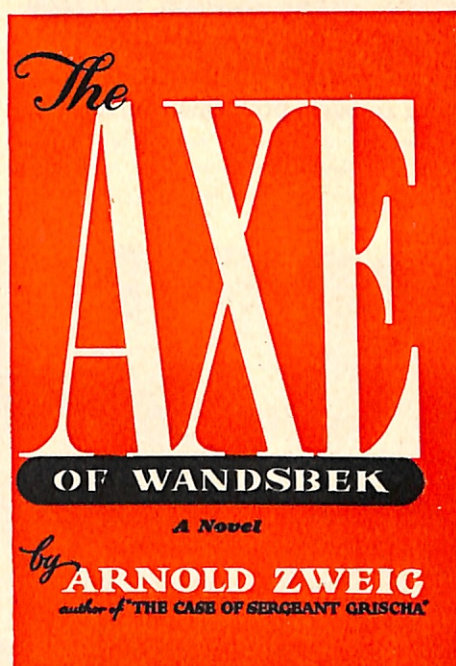
BY ALBERT HUBBELL

Mr. Hubbell creates a respectful interest in the outstanding novel on the Third Reich.

IN *THE AXE OF WANDSBEK*, Arnold Zweig has illumined and interpreted the Third Reich of Adolf Hitler as he illumined and interpreted the Army of Wilhelm II in *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*, perhaps the greatest novel of the first World War. I don't imagine that *The Axe of Wandsbek* will stand as the great novel of the years of Nazism; we are too close to the German holocaust, for one thing, to be able to view it in literary perspective. But this book is certainly the finest and most intelligent novel yet printed about the Hitler regime, and it comes closer to giving one an understanding of the German mentality than any I have read.

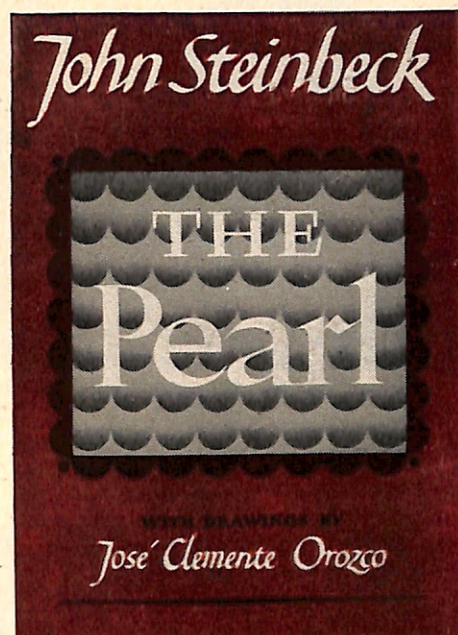
Like all of Zweig's novels, this is an "old-fashioned" book; it is conceived on a vast scale, even though its confines are those of the city of Hamburg; it has plot, counter-plot and many sub-plots, and it is written in a leisurely fashion which enables the author to wander off the set path of his narrative and discourse on subjects not immediately germane to it. But, then, you cannot brush off the complexities of a national neurosis in a few thousand words; brevity has its virtues, but so has length.

The central theme, to which all others hang, is a simple one. In Wandsbek, a working-class quarter of Hamburg, lives a middle-aged butcher named Albert Teetjens and his wife. As the story opens—it is 1938—Albert is feeling the pinch that all small-businessmen felt under the Nazis, despite Hitler's promise that the big stores, trusts and large combines would be liquidated by the Party to afford free competition for the little man. Desperate, Albert writes a letter to an old army comrade who has come up in the world via the Nazi Party, and has become the rich and powerful owner of a shipping line (part of which was stolen from the Jews). As it happens, this friend is in a position to do Albert a good turn. It seems that the Führer is about to visit Hamburg, but the civic authorities do not want the event to take place before four "Communists", who are awaiting execution in the Hamburg prison, have been put out of the way—they



want everything neat and tidy for the Führer. The only trouble is that the official executioner is sick. This delicate predicament, which could only have occurred in the Third Reich, suddenly is solved by Albert's appearance on the scene. His high Party friend realizes he can do a favor for the authorities—a favor that would sound well if it ever reached the Führer's ears—by providing an axe-man in the person of his butcher friend and one-time comrade-in-arms, Teetjens. After some initial doubts and soul-searching, Albert takes on the job; masked and frock-coated in traditional style, he duly beheads the "Communists", against whom nothing had been proved at the farce that was called a trial, and becomes the richer by a two-thousand mark fee.

Albert believes that with this windfall his troubles are over, but somehow the story of the source of the Teetjens' sudden prosperity gets around the neighborhood, and the butcher-shop is quietly boycotted. From being a secret hero of the Hamburg Nazis, a man who had the honor of being introduced to his Führer, Albert finds himself becoming an



outcast among his own kind, though no one is so bold as to come out and accuse him outright of his deed. Slowly, the Teetjens' fortunes ebb, the butcher-shop is closed, the old army friend turns a cold shoulder to further requests for aid, and even Albert's Party comrades desert him. Reduced to penury, the Teetjens take the only way out they can see, and the end is inevitable and tragic—the tragedy lying in Albert's total lack of understanding of why or just how things turned out so badly for him.

This story, almost a fable of Nazism, has many ramifications, and in them one sees the warp and woof of the Third Reich—a fabric woven of fear and cowardice in which the unthinking, obedient little man is lost as in a spider's web. Zweig, however, does not paint in black and white, as might be understandable in a man who, like him, was exiled from his homeland for his race and religion. He does not write of "bad" people and "good" people, but just of people, and he pities them and understands them. On this score, he has already been criticized for being too objective in this novel. Perhaps that is to be expected from a world that has all too recently suffered from the Nazis, but Zweig is, first of all, an artist; as such he must write of human beings as they are, and he knows that even in a country that has become prey to the creeping sickness that is Fascism, human beings are going to act like human beings, whatever new names are given to their motives. (*The Axe of Wandsbek*, Viking, \$3.50)

(Continued on page 36)

DOG CARE

BY ED FAUST

SURE, you love your dog, and your dog loves you, and you're kind to dumb animals. But there are times when being really kind involves more than having a warm heart and a soothing voice—times when knowing how and what to do in an emergency may save a dog life that is precious to you and to your family. Even barring accidents, which may occur at any time, there is the problem of giving medicine. This is a routine job which can give you something of a battle unless you have learned exactly how to go about the job. There also is the important daily grooming. Maybe you don't consider that first aid—but, then, you don't wear a hair shirt and you don't have fleas.

Dr. Charles E. Fletcher, a New York City veterinarian, has collaborated with me in this photographic demonstration of the correct technique of dog care. We have restricted the illustrations to basic problems confronting the dog owner at home.



If the eye becomes inflamed, dip a bit of cotton in a solution of boric acid. Pull down the lower eyelid and flush thoroughly.

Globe Photos Service



Examine the claw nails now and then. If they are unduly long, trim them with a dog-nail clipper, first eliminating any under-

curl. Be careful not to strike the quick, indicated by the dark area in the nail. In case of bleeding, apply iodine and bandage.



A muzzle bandage is used to keep the dog from nipping. It's a simple over-hand knot around the muzzle. Pull the ends firmly. Then tie with a bowknot.



To clean ears, wrap cotton around the tip of a stick and dip in peroxide or olive oil. Don't use soap and don't probe any deeper than you can see.



To give liquid medicine by spoon, draw the loose skin away from the teeth and pour the medicine into the pocket at side of the mouth.



Train your dog to his daily grooming. Rub smooth-coated dogs with bristle brush. Finish job with flannel cloth or chamois.



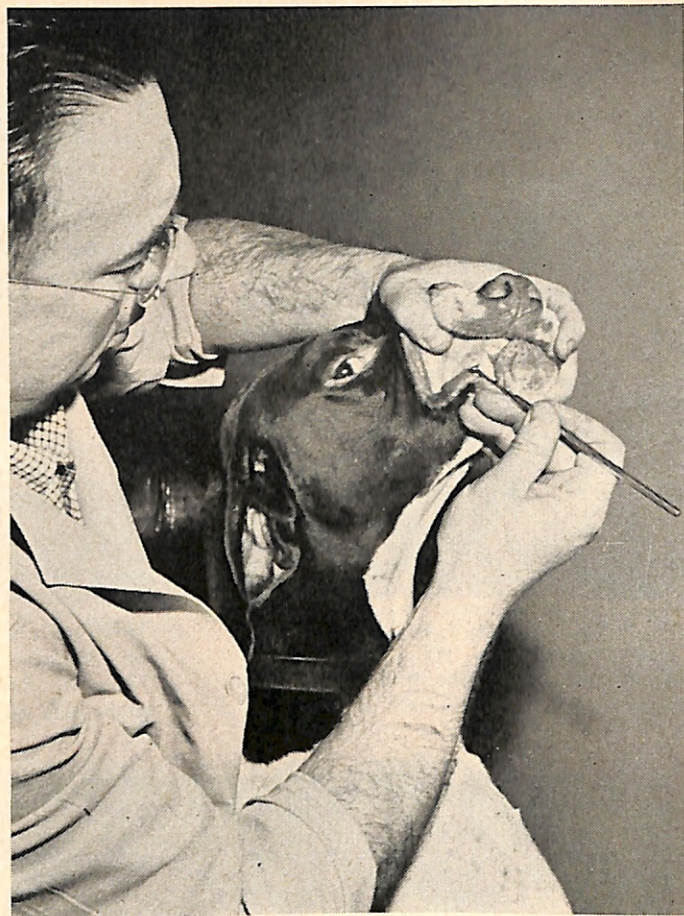
Don't let the ears get in this condition. Cut out the matted hair at the edge of the canal. Then comb the long silky hair.



If it is necessary to give medicine from a glass, hold the soft curl of the lip back and pour into side of the mouth.



To give a pill, cover upper lip with the fingers of left hand. The right hand rests on lower jaw. Hold jaws until he swallows.



Keep your dog's teeth free of tartar. The film at the base of the teeth can be scaled off by using a sterilized knife blade.



If foot is cut badly, stem bleeding with a tourniquet placed above wound. Loosen every 15 minutes. Call your veterinarian.



After the tourniquet is applied, put gauze around the wound. Then wrap the paw with bandage applied vertically, as shown.

THESE picture pages by no means tell the entire story of dog care. As pointed out in my monthly "In the Doghouse" column, much can be done at home by the dog owner who understands the rudiments of animal care. However, there always comes the moment when you should bow out and turn to the nearest able veterinarian. You can readily tell who he is. Invariably, his place of business is neat; he is patronized by the leading neighboring kennels; he comes to the point and doesn't prey upon your sympathy for your dog's distress, and he doesn't think up obscure reasons for boarding your dog when you could care for him at home.

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD



BY DICKSON HARTWELL

I HAVE just discovered where to purchase for \$42.50 a racing auto that will go 112 miles an hour. I have also learned how Damascus gun barrels were made and the peculiar events that provided our frontiersmen with one of the most potent builders of our nation—the Kentucky rifle. I have found out, too, that for \$2.00 I can hear on my phonograph, fifty-five seconds of a rattlesnake rattling, or three minutes of a wolf howling, or two minutes of an elephant trumpeting, with my choice of either an African or Indian elephant.

Of these and a half million other things I learned from spending a quiet day in front of the fire with my 1948 copy of what must be the world's most fascinating catalogue, *The Shooter's Bible*. It is so popular that subscribers pay a good price for it just as if its 500-odd pages weren't crammed full of stuff for sale. But it's worth it. For where else would you find recorded songs of the Hopi Indians, advertised alongside equipment for making your own bullets, and a book on spiders?

The principal ingredient of *The Shooter's Bible* is guns. The guns range from rifles used in national shooting matches to weapons powerful enough to bring down a Kodiak bear weighing as much as a ton. Among the numerous revolvers and automatic pistols listed are powerful .38's so small they may be held in the palm of the hand. There are interesting and inexpensive pistols imported from Czechoslovakia and small-bore target pistols with which most any conscientious man with a basement or a back yard could become an expert marksman. This is also an excellent pistol to have

around the house because its purpose is not business but pleasure.

But *The Shooter's Bible* does list a couple of items that are strictly business. An eight-ounce, shot-loaded billet with a spring handle, for example, is entirely lacking in social utility, as are Speed King handcuffs and leg-irons which sell for as little as \$12.50 a pair, but are hardly to be classified as suitable hostess gifts.

The catalogue includes hundreds of pages descriptive of ammunition, fishing equipment, telescopic sights, barometers, outdoor clothes, sleeping bags, shoulder harness for dragging a deer, out-of-door paintings, model airplanes, games, mounted miniature animal heads, outdoor paintings by famous American artists, lathes, boats and parts for every gun made in this country.

Anybody who was ever a Boy Scout—or even a Campfire Girl—or who has ventured as far as a city park and there discovered in his mind's eye the fascination of the wilderness, will find *The Shooter's Bible* almost as much fun as being shipwrecked on a tropical island—and considerably less inconvenient.

WITHOUT implying that this is national catalogue week or that I've got a Sears-Roebuck mind, I'd like to mention another book—which also must be purchased—containing the most complete list of antique firearms and edged weapons issued in the United States. The subject of old firearms is particularly pertinent because guns are tangible souvenirs of our most turbulent history. These relics of our fight for independence, of our French and Indian Wars, and of the Civil War, are

antiques of great character which men universally admire. They can't be beaten for a mantle decoration or for a den.

Until recently I believed that an ancient blunderbuss was not to be found outside a museum, and any yearning I'd had for one—a quantity which, if measurable, might best be described as a trace—was therefore sublimated in the dark caverns of my ego where doubtless it has been busily contriving complexes with which I shall some day confound an unlucky psychiatrist. Now I find that a blunderbuss may be had by the likes of you and me for as little as \$85, if we insist on fine condition, and much less if we're willing to compromise a bit with quality. A marine blunderbuss, in the unlikely circumstance that you don't already know, was used on occasion on naval sailing vessels. It was loaded with small pieces of metal and had a flaring muzzle which enabled its charge to spread out in a wide pattern. Fired at close range into the rigging of an enemy ship, it played hell, to the considerable detriment of a vessel's seaworthiness. In land operations you just pointed the blunderbuss at the enemy, who was always conveniently massed, closed your eyes and pulled the trigger. If the thing went off, sometimes somebody got hurt.

But you don't need \$85 in order to participate in this ancient weapons deal. You can get a caliber .50 Civil War percussion musket for less than \$20 and a carbine for as little as \$16. For \$1.25 extra you can buy a matching bayonet, too.

Probably the most peculiarly American military rifle is the flintlock musket, the formidable weapon of the Revolution and the War of 1812. A Brown Bess flintlock, brass mounted with a 39-inch barrel dating about 1760, and actually used during the Revolution, can be had for as little as \$30. This type of gun sometimes bears the name or initials of the original owner.

Until the development of the repeating 30-30—the rifle that conquered the West—the Kentucky rifle was the most famous and most effective peacetime American weapon. Some of these were flintlocks, but the later ones were percussion models and at \$22.50 and up you can buy one which still will shoot with as much accuracy as the man who fires it can command. This is the great squirrel rifle, the gun that once or twice a day provided our frontiersmen with that highly important item of food, the grey tree squirrel. This succulent rodent, usually weighing about a pound, was the staple diet of the men who pushed through the Alleghenies and beyond.

Among these Kentucky rifles are the two and three barrel numbers which permitted one to use a shot gun or bullet charge as occasion demanded. These barrels were usually mounted one above the other, instead of side by side. But the abundance

(Continued on page 26)



Illustrated by HAMILTON GREENE

BY RONALD SCHILLER

IT'S IN THE BAG!

The pilots in those days flew "by the seat of their pants".

THE young pilot was on the telephone waiting to talk to a railroad stationmaster two hundred miles to the west. The weather ahead looked doubtful and he had to fly the mail through.

Finally, the connection was made. The aviator introduced himself.

"How's the weather out there?" he asked.

"Not bad for this time of the year," came the cheerful reply.

"No, no! That isn't what I mean. How high is your ceiling?"

There was a moment's hesitation.

"About ten feet, I think. If you'll wait a minute I'll measure it."

The story was told about himself by Jack Knight, a pilot who died recently in his early fifties. It seems incredible that this conversation—which demonstrates such primitive

procedure and lack of public aviation savvy—occurred only a scant 25 years ago.

It serves to remind us that, despite its sleek efficiency and size, U. S. air transportation is still a boisterous, self-conscious adolescent that bursts out of its new clothes every year. Unlike clipper ships, pony express or the railroads, it grew too quickly to pass into popular folklore. Its history is locked up in the memories of a handful of still-young old-timers who delivered it and survived its homicidal infancy. It is a screwy, exuberant, often moving page of Americana that stands in serious danger of being lost unless the old-timers who remember the story are encouraged to turn literary.

Disregarding such antediluvian experiments as the balloon service

out of besieged Paris during 1871 and an airmail flight from Nassau Boulevard to Mineola, Long Island, in 1911, the real history of air transportation began on a May morning in 1918 when three army bombers, loaned to the Post Office, set off simultaneously from New York, Washington and Philadelphia. The Washington plane couldn't get into the air, but the other two made it to the Capital and the airmail was born. Service was continued daily and by 1920 was extended from New York to San Francisco via Chicago. In the flush of postwar aviation enthusiasm, some private passenger lines were started and abandoned. Even staid Railway Express in 1919 bought a four-motor army bomber, loaded it with express and headed it westward. Its motor failed in Pittsburgh, its wings

dropped off in Cleveland and the Agency gave up in disgust.

The pilots, a wild lot, fresh from service in the first World War, dressed in army boots, military breeches, leather jackets, and a red neckerchief which they borrowed from the railroad engineers. They knew nothing about night flying, winds or meteorology, flew largely "by the seat of their pants", following railroad tracks and telegraph wires to keep from getting lost. They told the wind by watching chimney smoke or grazing cattle, found their location by whipping low and reading the names of towns on railroad stations. Burning oil drums guided them to their destinations in fog. Wind and fire demolished their hangars regularly.

The planes used were British World War I De Havilland 4's, familiarly known as "Flying Coffins". American JN-4 "Jennys" were suggested, then abandoned when pilots swore it would be cleaner to shoot themselves through the head than fly them. Mailbags were stuffed into the fore cockpit. The Liberty motors developed a top speed of 90 mph, a range of 240 miles, and quit regularly every 12 or 15 hours. Chief difficulty was the water-cooling jacket which burst so often that pilots charted their routes from one welding shop to another, eventually got to know them all. Nothing kept these swift couriers from the completion of their appointed rounds except rain, snow, gloom of night and failing motors.

Coming in for a landing, pilots bombarded the ground crew with oranges, eggs or anything else handy, clearing the field in no time if their aim was good. The latter had their own methods of retaliation. One time a cow wandered onto the runway at North Platte as a plane came in. The mechanics lolled against the hangar wall and watched it, apparently unconcerned by the fact that the plane could not land. Twice the pilot zoomed low over the cow to startle it into moving. No result. The third time he drew his post-office revolver, shot the beast dead, and skimmed in over its prostrate body.

Favorite trick in the ranching country was to zoom down over a horseman so low that the animal started bucking, providing the pilot with a free rodeo. Another pilot flew into Grand Island, Nebraska, to refuel, learned that an airplane meet was in progress, unloaded the mail, and entered himself and the Government's plane in the race. He flew on again an hour later with the mail and the \$1,000 first-prize money. Pilots were forced down so frequently that they made friends along the run, often landed in farmyards for no other reason than to get a good meal, renew old acquaintances or visit a girl they had met. If the mail was late it could always be attributed to engine trouble.

Suicidal touch to the dangerous job was added by the unwritten rule

that ineffaceably disgraced a pilot who landed because of weather if his mate, coming from the opposite direction, got through. Result was that in the first six months of operation 110 planes were lost and 24 pilots killed.

The Allegheny stretch was known as "the graveyard". An aviator flying it might earn \$9,000 a year, if he lived long enough to collect it. Jack Knight, one of the pioneer air-mail pilots, had six wills he pencilled on the backs of envelopes while his plane groped through Allegheny fogs, gas going fast and faced with forced landings. No two of the wills, incidentally, named the same girl as heiress to his fortune.

MOST Bunyanesque stories come from the heroic Rocky-Mountain leg of the transcontinental run. Hal Collision, wandering over the Sierras lost, landed in a tiny valley with nothing more than a light bulb on the back porch of a ranchhouse to guide him. Jimmy Murray, on the way to Cheyenne, baled out of a burning plane, his parachute failed to open and he plummeted into a snow-drift out of which he dug himself unharmed. R. H. Ellis, caught in a down draft, pancaked his ship onto a 70-degree icy slope. Unable to maintain a footing, he mounted his mailbags and tobogganed down into a valley town. Paul Smith, crashed into Saddle Pass, Nevada, found his left shoulder out of joint, circulation cut off and his arm beginning to freeze. He slipped on an icy ledge, tumbled a thousand feet, putting his arm back into joint and restoring cir-

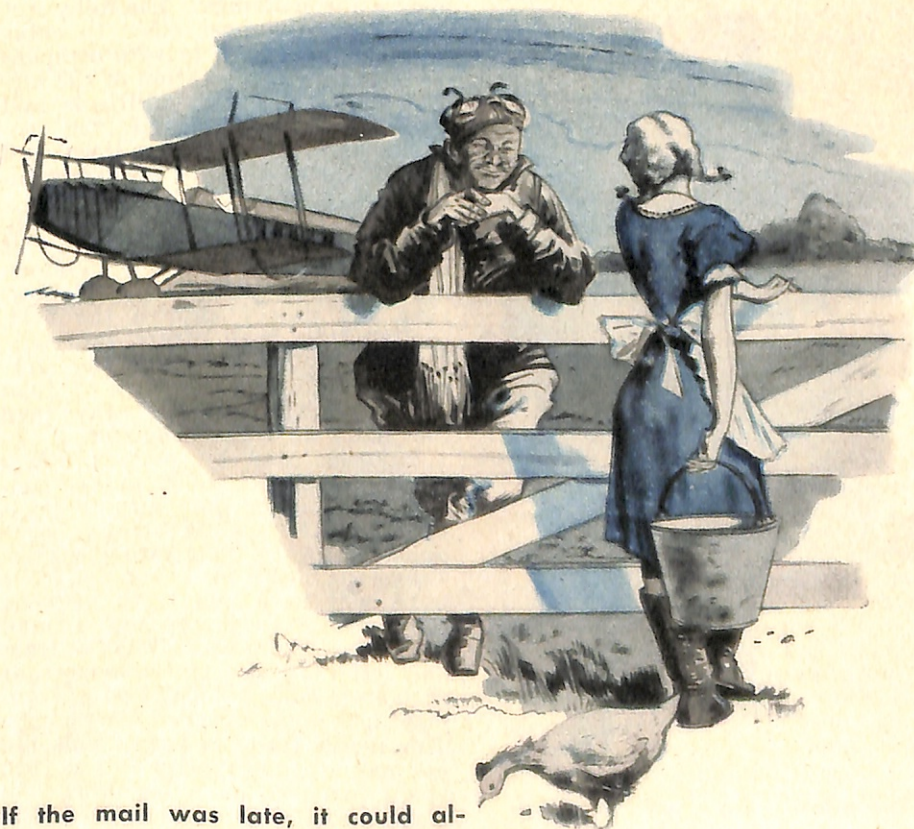
ulation. Kenneth Unger, emerging miraculously unscathed from the wreckage of his plane, borrowed a rancher's horse to carry the mail to town, fell off and broke his ankle.

The telegram sent by Dean Smith still hangs framed in the Cheyenne Post Office: "DEAD ENGINE STOP ONLY PLACE AVAILABLE STOP ON COW STOP KILLED COW STOP WRECKED PLANE STOP SCARED ME SMITH."

In 1920 a newspaperman boasted that he had come across the continent by mail plane with only three forced landings. His actual flying time was 34 hours, but time elapsed in making the trip entirely by air was 13 days—and he lost 15 pounds. By combined daylight flying and night railroading, mail reached the Pacific in 78 hours, only 12 hours faster than train service. Deciding it was not worth the cost, Congress debated cancellation of the service. Night flying was the only solution. In February, 1921, the post office launched a continuous day-and-night trial run to demonstrate its practicability.

The mail was flown by daylight from San Francisco to North Platte, Nebraska, where Jack Knight waited to carry it on the first leg of the night trip. His way was lighted by bonfires, set by farmers and municipalities. He reached Omaha to be greeted by a large delegation of citizens and news that the flight east had been cancelled because of bad weather. The pilot who was to fly it had gone home.

Disgusted by the bad turn that threatened the airmail, Knight de-



If the mail was late, it could always be attributed to engine trouble.

cided to carry through anyway. Pilots were still largely masters of their own destinies and the airport officials were unable to dissuade him. He set off eastward into the overcast. The cancellation of the trip had been wired on ahead, and no bonfires had been lit. He located Des Moines without difficulty, but east of the city he ran into a low ceiling of 300 feet. Hedgehopping, he made his way by ground lights and a flashlight held on a railroad map on his lap, through snow flurries and patches of fog.

Arriving over a lighted town which he felt certain was Iowa City, he looked in vain for sign of the airport. None showed itself. Almost out of gas, he prepared for a forced landing in the dark when, suddenly, a pin-point of light flared up a mile away. Sensing that the beacon was meant for him he landed alongside of it in the exact center of the Iowa City airport. A night watchman, who thought he heard the motor of a plane, had lit a fuse.

Refueled, Knight pushed off on the last leg of the night flight, landed in Chicago at dawn. The trip from coast to coast was completed in a little over 33 hours. Congress was sold, and night flying became part of the service.

Improvements began coming fast. By 1923 all airports and hangars were floodlit. Revolving beacon lights every ten miles indicated the route. Emergency landing fields were laid out. Planes carried parachute flares. Wireless connected the principal airports across the continent. Regular weather reports were issued. And, most important of all, better planes were built.



The pilots were a wild lot, fresh from service in World War I.

Buzzing a horseman in the ranching country provided the pilot with a free rodeo.



The post office, never intending to operate the airlines permanently, had merely undertaken to demonstrate their practicability. By 1925 it thought aviation sufficiently advanced to cut loose from the Department's apron strings. The Kelly Act authorized the post office to enter into contracts with private companies for the transportation of the airmail, as it did with railroads and steamships. In 1925 and 1926 contracts were let for feeder lines, and in 1927 for portions of the transcontinental route.

The first companies, extremely small, sometimes consisted only of a gypsy pilot and his plane. Following the Lindbergh boom of 1927, however, big money entered the field, coming from Wall Street, railroads, General Motors and even the Mormon Church. The backers of Juan Trippe's Pan American Airways read like the Yale alumni register.

Payment was by pounds flown, averaging \$3 per 1,000 miles—considerably higher than airmail postage. The struggling airlines were quick to create their own business. Telephone books, lead shot, flat irons were sent back and forth between the airports to plump out airmail payloads. There was always at least one letter to the stationmaster at each stop, since the bag and government lock alone weighed five pounds. This merry trade in heavy junk did not end until the Watres Bill in 1930 based payment on miles flown and plane capacity rather than the fluctuating poundage basis. This brought

the cost to the Government down to an average \$1.09 per pound per thousand miles.

In 1934 the Government, charging collusion and fraud in the assignment of airmail contracts, cancelled them and temporarily turned the airmail over to the Army until new legislation and contracts could be drawn up. Results were disastrous. In exceptionally bad weather, twenty-one young army pilots, flying hot fighter planes too unmanageable for the job, lost their lives, demonstrating that flying air routes required special equipment and that army training was deficient in blind and night flying. The Army hastened to correct the error, made U. S. military pilots the world's best in these departments before the outbreak of World War II.

The Government, before returning the airmails to private companies, required them to divorce themselves from manufacturing concerns and railroads. An average of 30 cents a pound per thousand miles was established in the new contracts. It has remained substantially unchanged ever since.

Until the middle of the 1920's, U. S. airlines had never seriously considered passengers, although Europe already had well-established services. To be allowed to fly with the mail while the Government operated the service required almost a special act of Congress. But when it was turned over to private operators, any person, by paying mail rates of six cents per ounce for himself

(Continued on page 28)

ROD and GUN



Wallace Wakefield, with the coyote that looked back. The rifle is a custom-built, single-shot action .22-250.

BY TED TRUEBLOOD

***The varmint is a noxious beast
for whom you need feel no pity.***

AFTER the game seasons are over and before the fishing begins there comes a period in the annual cycle of every sportsman that is known as the bad hour. This is the time when there is nothing to do but those odd jobs around the house about which his wife has been nagging for the preceding eleven months.

Certainly no sportsman worthy of the name would paint a screen or fix a dripping faucet or repair a sticking drawer when he could be afield with his gun or astream with his rod. 'Most always he can find an excuse. Along in February, however, there isn't much in the way of hunting and fishing, and when a man's commander bears down on him and says, "Fix it or else," he fixes it. That is the bad hour.

There is just one more alibi—even in February. I don't say it is a good one. But it will do in a pinch, and more than once it has saved me from the indignity of working around the house on my day off. It is varmint hunting.

According to Webster, "varmint" is dialectic of "vermin", and a varmin is a noxious or disgusting animal, such as a louse or a weasel. The English meaning of the word includes birds and animals which prey

upon game. That's our cue. If the varmints catch our game, then we should shoot them. After all, we must make up for what we killed (or, at least, frightened badly) during the hunting season.

Of course, according to the dictionary, a varmint also is a noxious or offensive person, but I don't advocate shooting them, even in February. Very few States where I have hunted have an open season on two-legged varmints, and I'm a firm believer in obeying the game laws.

There are varmints almost everywhere which can be shot legally the year around. Crows and foxes are found in all the eastern States, but this time I want to talk about the Westerner and his coyotes, bobcats, crows, ravens, magpies, hawks and jackrabbits. Perhaps it may seem strange to the uninitiated to find a seemingly innocuous animal such as a jackrabbit listed in this company of arch villains.

THAT just shows how a man will leap to conclusions without really studying a thing. In Idaho, jackrabbits are listed in the game laws as predatory animals, along with cougars and coyotes. While I never have seen a jack actually attack a coyote, I am sure that they must because I

always have found coyotes to be highly nervous and jumpy in areas where there are no other animals but rabbits. If the jackrabbits don't keep them in this condition, what does? Besides, the Idaho game department says they're predators and that certainly makes them wicked customers.

Seriously, your true varmint hunter won't bother with rabbits. He hunts coyotes. Nobody hunts bobcats. I once thought it sounded like a good idea, and I used the excuse for all it was worth, but I never got one. The way to shoot a bobcat is to be hunting something else. Then he will show up unexpectedly and if he doesn't run away before you're ready, you may get him, if you are lucky.

Last Fall, Owen Tytegraff, of Denver, was driving home from deer hunting when he saw a bobcat run across the road in front of the car. Owen stopped. The bobcat hopped up on a big rock about 50 feet away and paused. Owen took his rifle out of its case, his ammunition out of a handbag and put two cartridges in his gun. The bobcat watched all of this with apparent interest. Just as Owen was closing the bolt on a cartridge the cat hopped down off his rock and ran away. That's a bobcat for you. He really is smart.

Of course, I'm talking now about the rifleman hunter. He doesn't own a pack of hounds to run cats up a tree. He has to do his own hunting, and unless he is mighty lucky he can spend a lot of time in country with a big bobcat population and never see one. They cat around at night and rest during the day among rocks and cliffs, and they don't get out into the open where they can be shot at.

Coyotes, on the other hand, hunt in the daytime as well as at night, and they are out moving around when a fellow can see them. Frequently that is all he can do. A coyote usually is out of range, and if he isn't, nine times out of ten he is getting out as rapidly as possible.

One day when Wallace Wakefield and I were coyote hunting, we saw eleven of them. One made an unusual error. He was close when we came upon him, and he paused to look back when he was only about 100 yards away. Wallace got him. I hit one at 400. We shot at two which were running like a ball of fire, about 200 yards away, but we did them no harm. All of the others were watching us from distances varying between 600 yards and three quarters of a mile when we saw them.

Despite his classification as a varmint, the coyote has many of the attributes of a game animal. He is smart, tough and fast. He is no quitter. When you go out and shoot a coyote you have done something.

It would be easy to work up a storm of sympathy for him because he is shot, trapped, poisoned, chased by hounds and hunted in every conceivable way. His music at night is as much a part of the West as the

(Continued on page 25)

Geronimo!

Ger



Illustrated by GEORGE PRICE

BY TED PECKHAM

Ornitho!

**You, too, can become a
parachute jumper. All you
need is an insurance policy.**

PARACHUTE jumping is a marvelous hobby, for not everyone can be a success at it. Ornithology, ichthyology, entomology and petrology, all require elaborate outlays and specimens, but for parachute jumping all you need is an aeroplane or anybody's high building, and a parachute.

Of course, you shouldn't even consider this hobby unless you have seen your family physician, as a good heart is a prerequisite—though there is nothing like a twirl through the air to bring the color into your cheeks and a twinkle to your eye. Try it before an evening on the town—it makes such a difference.

The best phase of parachuting is that you are on your own: no fear of traffic, no red lights, no back-seat drivers—the whole heaven is yours to float through. There is no such thing as a crowded day in the air, though in Russia two or three thousand jump at once. All you have to be is sure of yourself and place your trust in something that is nothing until it opens up. To accustom yourself to falling, try jumping down three or four steps, gradually increasing the number until finally you can take a whole flight at a time. If you live in the country, experiment by jumping from a second-story window into a freshly dug flower bed. At the beginning, hold yourself loosely (which is known as the limp dishrag position) and, as your legs and arms strengthen, gradually tighten up.

There are many positions that one can take while falling through the air. It is much like playing statues, skiing or figure-skating. The whirling dervish landing is the most handsome in the air, though it is likely to make one a little dizzy, but anyone who waltzes well can remain sober. The bent-over position is not to be advocated as you are likely to land on your head.

There are various schools of thought as to the proper costume. I, myself, advocate a large sheep skin, no hat (for the tousled hair is ef-

fective while flying through the air) and a small bottle of brandy around the neck, St. Bernard fashion, for a nip either before or after. Overshoes over your bedroom slippers is a good afterthought, for I believe in being comfortable to the end.

Don't be satisfied with just any parachute—show your individuality by watching the yard goods sales and get something gay in fabric. The smart young blade usually chooses a fabric in his racing colors so it is easily recognized aloft, or after, since there may be trouble in identifying him if his descent is too rapid. Take it to be whipped up to the *haute monde*, which can now be found somewhere on Seventh Avenue. The ripcord ring can be in silver or gold, depending on the individual taste, aluminum being too hard to get. Abercrombie's is showing a new wallet-size parachute of the finest, sheer, watered Chinese silk. It can be had in assorted colors. I prefer it myself in white for evening. Night falling is heavenly, for here you can study the Milky Way at close hand. Jumping with a torch is very jolly, but beware of letting it singe your chute—it might prove dangerous.

AIRPLANE parachuting is duck soup for many but it is the obvious run-of-the-mill stuff. Yet it can be varied by doing it in small groups of four or six and placing wagers on who lands first or who can remain longest in the air.

For instance, for sheer adventure there is nothing better than to saunter up to the Empire State Building some fine windy day and jump with definite destination, with the whole world as your pie to fall in. Come what may. You might land in anyone's back yard, penthouse or sky line. *Quel excitement!* You really learn about people this way and often new friends are made—as well as enemies—but really a person without enemies is like an egg without salt—entirely devoid of personality.

An expert jumper with the right mind can direct his fall. In fact,

some experts are commuting to Sands Point and Rye this way. One very sporting fellow claims to have made Westport, Connecticut, though he has no witnesses. A catty friend, at the Turkish Bath the other night, hinted that he might even have hitchhiked to a plane in mid-air.

Water parachuting is very nice in the summer months but unless you are the hardy type and swim well I advise sticking to land. It may take hours to get ashore, as many of the big boats go by in a hurry without even spotting you. However, you can carry along a collapsible rubber canoe for such occasions.

For pure inspiration there is nothing like falling. A friend of mine took it up and as a result finished his autobiography in rapid time, as his whole life was revealed to him in a few minutes every time he fell. Unfortunately, the third time he fell he was so busy concentrating on his first stages of puberty that he forgot to count three. You never realize what an insignificant bit of life you are until you have fallen a couple of thousand miles.

The meal before your fall should be light, such as a mixed green salad, custard or angel food cake. Carry a compass and fasten your money securely as you may have a long trek home. Bring along a chocolate bar or a few fig newtons which are generally enough for sustenance unless you purposely plan to get lost and make a few tabloids in order to avoid a disagreeable date or have a rest from the little woman; then, by all means, have a lunch packed. Shun all squashables such as tomatoes, plums, berries, etc., and stick to hard-boiled eggs and peanut butter sandwiches.

The statistics have yet to show the average span of a parachutist's life but it is decidedly in your favor. You may go on for years if you don't mind a few clean breaks in the pursuit of sport. And remember that the nicest kind of smash is the one that comes from hitting the good earth.

Happy air sailing, bub.

Elk

PANEL
OF PUBLIC OPINION



Congressional investigating committees have aroused national interest. Here is how Panel members regard them.

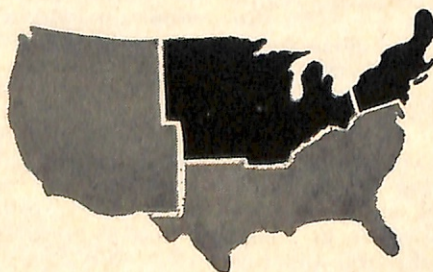
THE question for this month's Elk Panel of Public Opinion concerns the much discussed work of the Congressional investigating committees. Considerable attention has been given to the civil rights aspect of the work of the committees, particularly the kind of questions which should, or should not, be asked. For this reason, we asked the Exalted Rulers and District Deputies who form the Panel membership the following question:

DO YOU THINK THAT RESTRICTIONS SHOULD BE PLACED ON CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATING COMMITTEES AS TO THE QUESTIONS THAT CAN BE ASKED?

It is quite apparent that the Panel members are not unduly alarmed at the prospects of infringement of civil rights by the Congressional committees, for the vote on a national basis was as follows:

Yes.....18%
No.....78%
No Opinion..... 4%

The map on this page shows how the 48 States were divided into four geographical areas: North, South, East and West. The replies received also were analyzed to determine the difference, if any, between the opinions of the members in these four areas on the matter of Congressional investigating committees.



	Yes	No	Opinion
12 Northern States.....	18%	79%	3%
9 Eastern States.....	16%	79%	5%
16 Southern States.....	18%	75%	7%
11 Western States.....	19%	78%	3%

The second question asked was

IF SO, WHAT RESTRICTIONS?

The replies to this question, while interesting, were

so varied that it was not possible to analyze them on a mathematical basis. Therefore, a few of the opinions of Panel members are quoted in full under "Comments".

COMMENTS:

Only when they are not relative to the investigations. Congressional investigation is tantamount to a court hearing. Only such questions as would be normally permissible should be required to be answered.

If restrictions are to be placed, why have a committee? I believe that any individual, or individuals, who are asked a question, the answer to which would be incriminating, have a right as a personal privilege to refuse to answer.

This one is too deep for me.

In my opinion as lawyer and jurist the restrictions already are in effect because of the constitutional prohibitions. Legislative branch has no *carte blanche* to violate any of the constitutional guarantees surrounding life.

Constitutional rights are not as important as the future welfare of the United States.

Think witnesses should have benefit of counsel and hearings should be fair.

Individual's constitutional rights should be protected. Those who have something to cover up are the ones who object to answering questions.

Ask whatever is needed, and then take necessary steps to get rid of undesirables.

Congressional investigations hamper, rather than sponsor, the forward progress of free enterprise.

Committees should not be permitted to set aside rights granted by the Constitution and Bill of Rights.

Believe that the committees should be given plenty of leeway.

Restrict if questions pertain to private life, but if questions pertain to security of our country, then every question should be answered.

None, absolutely none.

If matter warrants Congressional investigation, a complete exposure is justified in the interest of our national defense.

If a person questioned is a good American citizen, what would he have to hide?

Of course not. How can a committee find the facts if it cannot ask the questions?

I am in favor of full power of questioning, and answers should be compulsory.

When I go to vote, I'm asked what party ticket I wish to vote on. If anyone believes in communism he should answer the questions just as we do on primary day.

The excuse of "rights" is a convenient screen to hide behind.

Constitutional rights of citizens should be respected. But when anyone becomes a communist, his citizenship should be cancelled.

Gadget and Gimmick

DEPARTMENT



SOME ordinarily sane, well-balanced people get slightly hysterical when they see a vast expanse of smooth ice. These people have the mad desire to put on ice skates and cavort about in the manner of Currier and Ives figures of yesteryear. Such people are harmless to the general public, although on occasion they do injure themselves and one another. Injuries are accomplished by skating headlong into each other, falling down and slashing at each other with their razor-sharp skate blades. Keeping skate blades well honed for the blood-letting is now made easier with a new skate blade sharpener that can be carried in the pocket. The sharpener has an aluminum body, can be used with either hand and requires no skill. It is a must for all rising young skaters and hockey players today.

AFTER this one, let us have no more remarks or even thoughts about sun lamps. We have all struggled through the period when a sun-tan in the winter indicated wealth enough to go to Florida for the season or to buy a sun lamp. Sun lamps used to be out of the reach of people who work for a living, but through the years, efforts have been made to bring the price and quantity of paraphernalia to a minimum. Well, here it is. It is a simple, single bulb. You only have to do two things: screw the bulb into any light socket and flip the switch. If it burns out in mid-February, for example, simply go out and buy another one. True, it isn't as cheap as a regular light bulb but, after all, do you expect sunshine to be free?



PIPE smokers usually develop a frustration after taking to their briars and meerschaums. They get through smoking their favorite brand of rope in the oldest pipe they possess and then begin looking wildly about for a place to deposit the deposit. Small modern ash trays can't serve the purpose and consequently the pipe smoker feels frustrated. This

large bronze ash tray should prove to be the pipe smoker's delight. It is large enough to hold the deposit and, in addition, has a pipe-cleaning attachment in the center of the tray, which can be removed and used. Now all you need are pipe cleaners, a box of tissues to wipe the stem on and a large box of kitchen matches.



WHEN beer was first put into cans there was no suitable beer-can opener. One was invented. Today practically no household in America is without one of these openers. They are so common that beer-can openers are given away openly in grocery stores. There is only one trouble with the situation. Many of the beer-can openers given away have the nasty habit of repeatedly slipping over the lip of the can and failing to give a solid purchase so the top can be punctured. This dismal situation leads to swearing, lost tempers and, who knows, perhaps it has led some people into the divorce courts. So, to preserve the American home, here is a new, handsomely designed beer-can opener that works. Now go ahead, enjoy your beer without swearing.

IT IS profoundly to be hoped that the end to which science is directed will soon come into sight. Then perhaps we all will be able to relax and calculate our position in the general scheme of things. As things now stand, however, we still must gape at new discoveries and try to adjust to them. Here's something we've been forced to consider. This mechanism that refuses to be ignored is a pint-sized planetarium for insatiable stargazers. It was designed for school or home use. The information we got cast a dim light on the machine by reducing its description to laymen's language and stating that it was simply a dodecahedron punched full of holes, with a special bulb inside the housing. Later, auxiliary projectors

will be available showing constellations, coordinates, eclipses, cloud formations and other phenomena. We wonder what "other phenomena" means. All this and heaven, too?



AT LONG last, women have relinquished their superiority and attained equality with the males of this country. The fight is over. The battle is won. Here is undeniable proof of their victory. It is a whiskey flask holding a half-pint for women travelers. The flask is covered with monogrammed red leather and another small case holds four shot glasses. That half-pint capacity was a wise thought. It should permit a gal to have her small lift of spirit without having too much.

GO IN any home today and look around. Go on. Go in and I'll bet you find at least one floor lamp in the house placed just out of reach of an electric outlet. Between the end of the lamp cord and the outlet you will find about three feet of space and eight feet of tangled extension cord. Hideous, isn't it? Look at all that dust-gathering cord sprawled around on the floor. It's too bad, but until recently this messy arrangement was the only one to make. Now, however, you can buy a small reel containing ten feet of light cord. Unreel just enough cord to reach the outlet and plug in the lamp. Now, stand back and look at it. See how neatly the cord runs straight along the baseboard from outlet to lamp. Very good, very good indeed. Next problem?



IF YOU were not a Boy Scout in your youth but love a roaring fire in your fireplace, hark ye. It is no longer necessary to tear up the back fence to get kindling wood to start the big logs smoking. Now, for a nominal sum, you can order a 100-pound sack of fat pine kindling wood that will fire up as you strike the match. And, unless the draft is closed so the room smokes up, you can sit back and breathe what is described as "the heady scent" of the burning pine.

IN THE DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust

**Take some English bulldog.
Mix it up with English bull
terrier and what have you
got? Boston terrier!**



WHEN I was knee-high to a whip-pet, there was a story going around which undoubtedly was old enough to wear whiskers, even then. It had to do with a naughty little boy who was kept in after school by his teacher. An added punishment was making that particular little Willie write a 1,000-word composition on the subject of good behavior. There was a long period of silence while the teacher, engrossed in her own work, could hear Willie's pen scratching over the paper. At the end of an hour, her fractious pupil announced that he had finished, having written the thousand words commanded by the teacher.

He came to her desk and submitted his composition. It was a thousand words, all right, beginning with the sentence, "It pays to be good." For the next nine hundred-odd words, however, Willie merely repeated this sentence. The teacher's reaction was never recorded, but I can imagine it was terrific.

Now, the reason I am reminded of this tale is because your editor, provoked by a series of articles which has occupied these pages since July dealing with dogs of various nationalities, telephoned me. "Ed," he said, "I don't mind your giving the customers descriptions of a few fancy lesser-known breeds, but, Holy Smoke when you tour the world, which you've been doing in these pages since last July, it is, in the words of Josh Billings, 'too mutch'." As a matter of fact, I'm beginning to wonder if you're trying to write a Sears-Roebuck catalogue." So, being able to take a hint, this epistle will crowd in a few more breeds of the more interesting varieties, and then we'll drop the subject.

Here we go for the three American breeds: the American water spaniel, the Boston terrier and the Chesapeake Bay retriever. There also is

the coonhound, who has made himself particularly prominent in the South, but so far has received no official recognition on the part of the American Kennel Club, governing body for purebred dogs.

The American water spaniel is a breed that has been around a long time but only in recent years has received official recognition. I strongly suspect that he is the busy guy which for many years was the favorite on the American farm scene. I recall clearly two such purps which infested my grandmother's farm and spent so much time in a nearby creek that I sometimes wondered if they were a variety of hairy fish. They were mean on rabbits and other small game and made themselves mighty useful in the field. The breed was recognized in 1940 as being definitely pure-bred, although the breeders weren't particularly anxious to put their dogs on the show bench, feeling that this might detract from the dog's value as an assistant huntsman. As you may or may not know, there is a big difference of opinion among the breeders of gun dogs who actually use their dogs in the field and those who breed only for show purposes. The former group feels that much of the usefulness and savvy of the working field dog is lost when he is bred for the bench, and that much of his endurance is bred out of him. The show people deny this, and you won't find Faust taking sides. After all, what's one man's meat is another man's spinach.

Our spaniel, up to now, is definitely an outdoor dog and is said to be unusually intelligent, with a disposition that makes him a fine companion. He can "nose" his game, flush and retrieve, in or out of the water. He's good on feathered game, too. I recall my grandmother's dogs were occasionally put in the doghouse because they would overlook the differ-

ence between a pheasant and a chicken. They usually function, as does the Springer spaniel, by "springing" their quarry. They make darned good housepets—that I can vouch for. They're medium-sized, usually a solid liver or dark chocolate, with a dense, curly coat. Their weight ranges from 28 to 40 pounds.

Perhaps one of the most popular breeds in the United States is the Boston terrier, whose origin goes back about three quarters of a century. From the standpoint of registrations, they stand high on the list of recognized breeds. Although they are labeled terriers, the A.K.C. classifies them as Non-Sporting Dogs. Anyone who has become well enough acquainted with any kind of terrier will know that they are sporty—in some cases equal in hunting ability to the spaniels, retrievers, etc., which are classed as Sporting Dogs. It's scarcely necessary to describe the Boston terrier: it is the result of a cross between the English bulldog and the English bull terrier. Incidentally, one of the earliest specimens of this breed, a dog hailing from Chicago many years ago, was named "Hector"; so the next time you hear the phrase, "Since Hector was a pup", it may have more significance to you. He was registered by that name with the American Kennel Club.

Merry little tykes, they aren't quarrelsome and have won their way as housepets by their many excellent qualities. As with most dogs with a pushed-in schnozzle, they are susceptible to nasal troubles and some of them, as they age, snore and wheeze. For the breeder they frequently present a difficult problem when it comes time for the Mama dog to be visited by the stork. The puppies' heads make the whelping very difficult and Caesarian operations are common. When they are put on the show bench, they are divided into the following classes: lightweight, under 15 pounds; middleweight, under 20 pounds; heavyweight, under 25 pounds.

THE third and last American pooch is the Chesapeake Bay retriever, a dog that has a romantic background. As the story goes, in 1807 an English vessel was wrecked off the coast of Maryland. Among the rescues affected by the crew of the American ship, *Canton*, were those of two Newfoundland puppies—one a boy, the other a gal. These pups were given to the people who sheltered the sailors of the wrecked vessel. As the animals grew older they demonstrated their ability to retrieve, and their uncommon efficiency in the water. They were crossbred with local dogs and the claim is made that the English otterhound contributed some of his blood, although this is doubtful because the Chesapeake shows no evidence of having any hound blood—with the exception of the "evidence" of his drooping hound ear.

The breed, as we know it today, is without an equal in the water. It has

one of the tightest, densest coats possessed by any dog and can spend hours in the coldest water. The coat is curly and varies from a faded tan to a dark brown. This breed is powerful, highly intelligent and not at all difficult to train for shooting over. As the dog possesses no setter, spaniel or hound blood, he does not hunt by body scent on the land, but more by foot scent. On the water, the scent is detected by the dog from the oil which the plumage of waterfowl leaves on the surface.

While we are on the subject of American dogs, we might extend this to cover the American continent, so let's take a look at the Newfoundland, who was mentioned as one of the ancestors of the Chesapeake. The breed is old—how old, no one knows. The general agreement is that the dogs were brought to that part of North America about 200 years after John Cabot rediscovered it. Undoubtedly there is St. Bernard blood in the Newfoundland. For many years people in that part of America used these dogs in place of horses.

They enjoyed a period of great popularity during the Eighties and Nineties, but, as is true for many dogs that become too fashionable, interest in the breed, in subsequent years, waned. They were the favorite subject of Sir Edwin Landseer, famous English painter of dogs. Most of his pictures show the dogs as black and white in color. They have a gallant record for life-saving and are among the most powerful swimmers found among dogs. Today the breed has become obscure, and specimens seldom are seen outside of those canine clambakes—the dog shows. I was well acquainted with a couple of them owned by Faust, Sr., many years ago and I seem to recall having contributed in a small way toward making life miserable for them. But the good nature and gentleness that marks the breed enabled your reporter to grow up with a complement of arms and legs. There was never a better guardian or safer companion for a child of any age than a Newfoundland. In the following you will find, summed up, the virtues of the breed as exemplified in the dog, Boatswain:

*Beneath this spot
Are deposited the remains of a
being
Who was possessed of beauty
without vanity,
Strength without insolence,
Courage without ferocity,
And all the virtues of man with-
out his vices.*

*This praise would be but empty
flattery
Were it inscribed upon the ashes
of a human being,
And yet it is only what is due to
the memory of the dog
BOATSWAIN:
Born in Newfoundland, May,
1801
Died at Windsor, 18th Novem-
ber, 1815.*
(Continued on page 24)

Industry Reviews

The New National Guard

By Earl Bunting,
President, National Association
of Manufacturers

TEAMWORK! That's the simple formula for America's greatness. When labor, management and government work with mutual respect for each other toward a common objective, continuing prosperity in this country is assured.

But such a desirable economic condition can be maintained only if peace is maintained. That is where the *new* National Guard plays its vital part. It is not only a splendid example of men voluntarily working together to improve themselves as individuals, but as a nation-wide military organization, is our primary defense against potential aggressors. The federally supervised *new* National Guard deserves the wholehearted, active support of every citizen, every business, every social group. To reach its required strength, employers must encourage eligible employees to join local units—grant training leave with full pay over and beyond established vacation period. Cities and states must provide adequate armory facilities for training.



In short, the American team, for purely selfish reasons, must take to the field and with characteristic efficiency provide the *new* National Guard with all the support it needs to become quickly the finest, best trained civilian army in the world.

★ ★ ★

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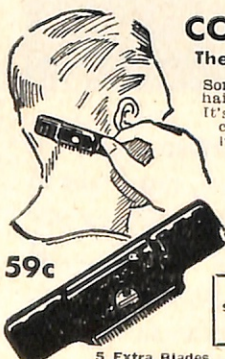
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"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject." This beautifully printed, well-illustrated, 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. It costs only 25c. Please do not send stamps. Address *The Elks Magazine*—50 E. 42nd St., New York 17.

The Newfoundland is one of the giants of the canine world, ranging from 110 to 150 pounds. Colors are usually dull, jet black, but almost any other color is permissible.

Going to Alaska—fast trip, eh? We're using the Elks' private rocket plane—we see the Malamute, properly termed the Alaskan Malamute. This is one of the toughest of all the Arctic dogs. The breed is named after a native Inuit tribe, the Mahlemuts, who settled on the shores of Kotzebue Sound, in the upper western part of Alaska. Before it became a possession of this country, that Arctic region was called "Alashak" by its Russian discoverers, which means "fast country". The breed is very old but it is difficult to determine the period of its origin. Some believe the Arctic sled dog was a cross between the Arctic wolf and dog, many generations ago. Weighing from 50 to 85 pounds, the dogs do have a wolf-like appearance, with their slanting eyes. These are the dogs that have been preferred by so many Arctic explorers. They're also the breed frequently used for dog-sled racing. The usual colors are a

wolfish gray or black and white. They are powerful, and capable of pulling unbelievable sled loads.

Now, throw away your earmuffs and let's jet-propel ourselves down to Mexico and see the little dog that long, long ago was a pampered pet of the Toltecs. This is the Chihuahua. So highly thought of was he that he was held sacred by the people of that nation. It is the smallest of all dogs, ranging from one to six pounds. At the shows, it can be seen in two coats; one smooth, the other long. They have large ears and eyes, and are seen in almost every color known to dogdom. Most breeders travel to the shows in a station wagon, or at least a large car. Not the Chihuahua fancy. They ride on the train with five or six pups in a suitcase.

Another breed of Mexico is the hairless, which is about the size of a small fox-terrier. These are absolutely devoid of hair, with the occasional exception of a small tuft on the top of the head. Like the Chihuahua, if you could get a pair of them, they'd make good bookends. And, again like the Chihuahua, they're found in a variety of colors.

Percy T. Jones Photos



The Chesapeake Bay retriever (above) is a dog with a romantic background and unmatched ability in the water.



The American water spaniel (below) is a versatile dog, with the ability to flush and retrieve, in or out of water.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 17)

sagebrush he roams. He does catch a lot of jackrabbits and ground squirrels which damage the farmers' crops in many areas. But no one who has seen a deer killed by coyotes can feel any qualms over shooting one.

In the winter, when the snow is deep, several coyotes will find a deer browsing on a hillside. They get above him and chase him to the bottom. If there is a frozen stream the deer can't stand on the ice, but the coyotes can. If there is no stream they simply stampede him into the deep snow and brush at the bottom of the draw. Sometimes, when the snow is crusted, the coyotes can run on top while the deer breaks through.

However they catch him, the outcome always is the same. Coyotes don't kill a deer outright the way a cougar does. They pull it down and start eating, always from the rump. The deer may be a third eaten before it dies.

Nine times out of ten your varmint hunter is a gun nut. He would like to have a rifle which would shoot absolutely flat for half a mile and group its bullets within a minute of an angle, which is about an inch at 100 yards. The more he hunts coyotes the more he sees which are out of range and the more he wants a super-gun. Of course, if he could hit them at half a mile it wouldn't be long before they were watching him from three quarters of a mile, but he'd have some fun before they got wise.

YOUR dyed-in-the-wool coyote hunter probably started with a rifle such as a .25 Remington, a .25-20 or a .30-30. Before long, he had a .250 Savage, which has a flatter trajectory. As soon as he discovered that the coyotes always were out of range of it he bought a .270, a .220 Swift or a .22-250 wildcat.

If the .270 is sighted to hit the point of aim at 300 yards, its bullet rises only 5½ inches at 150, and the bullet of the .220 or .22-250, sighted for the same distance, rises less than four inches at mid range. With one of these rifles, equipped with a telescopic sight to minimize aiming error, you can shoot right at a coyote clear out to about 325 yards and expect to hit him. That is mighty flat shooting.

The typical varmint shooter isn't satisfied, however. He dreams of a rifle that will shoot farther and faster and flatter, and, what is more, if he is a real crank he tries to make one or, rather, to have one made to his specifications. Several of today's good commercial cartridges were dreamed up by varmint hunters. Most of the true enthusiasts you'll meet will be carrying a custom-built rifle chambered for a necked-down, souped-up wildcat cartridge that, the hunters hope, gives them an edge over the man with a commercial rifle and factory ammunition.

There are several ways to hunt coyotes. One of the best is to drive the back roads. Possibly "roads" isn't the exact word; "trails" might describe them better. The arid West has been grazed everywhere by sheep, and each band was accompanied by a herder. Most sheep herders live in camp wagons and drive them around through the sagebrush wherever the sheep graze. Consequently, there are wagon tracks everywhere.

Most Westerners hold to the conviction that they can drive a car anywhere there is a set of tracks, and if those tracks were made originally by a high-wheeled camp wagon it makes no difference. Somebody will drive a car down them. Of course, in the West, after one car has been over it, a trail becomes a road.

To hunt coyotes with a car you follow a highway into the sagebrush and turn off at the first dirt road. It will wander on indefinitely and others will branch off it. You can drive all day, frequently without seeing a ranch house or another car. From the moment you leave the oil you're hunting coyotes.

You can't drive fast and see much game, but you won't want to go fast. The road will keep you from speeding. Actually, you'll be so busy dodging rocks and ruts that you won't have much chance to look around, but your companion can watch for coyotes. When he sees one, the thing to do is to stop, get out, load your gun and get ready to shoot before the coyote leaves. It's a neat trick if you can do it.

Of course, in February the roads are likely to be muddy. If you can't go through you'll probably get stuck because no true coyote hunter will turn back. If you do bog down you wallow around in the mud and put on your chains. If they won't get you out you leave the car where it is (nobody will steal it) and hunt on foot until sunset. About dark the ground will begin to freeze, and by 10 or 11 p.m. you can drive out of the mudhole on frozen earth, turn around and go home.

IN THE right kind of country you can hunt on foot. Walking is poor business in flat terrain, but in hilly areas where you can follow the ridges and look down into wide draws and canyons you may do all right. Coyotes are more afraid of a man on foot than they are of an automobile, however, and you must hunt carefully to get within range. Walk into the wind and stay on the high ground.

Sometimes you can rent or borrow a horse from a rancher and then, if you have a modern rifle, you have an excellent chance to play a mean trick on a few coyotes. Unfortunately for them, their knowledge of horsemen is based almost entirely on their ex-

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perience with cowboys, and nine cowboys out of ten carry a .30-30 carbine—if they carry a rifle at all.

The effective range of the short-barreled .30-30 is about 150 yards. Mr. Coyote will trot contemptuously out of .30-30 range and then he will sit down on the hillside to sneer at you. If you have a long-range rifle with a scope, you can get off your horse and collect yourself a coyote.

OF COURSE, you will see other fair "game" occasionally. Ravens are common throughout much of the West, and they make a nice target. Oregon conducted research on sagehens and discovered that ravens destroyed more nests than anything else, so you can shoot them with a clear conscience. You won't kill very many, however, because they won't let you get close. Magpies are okay, too, if you can hit them.

Hawks and golden eagles will give you an occasional shot, although some folks say you shouldn't shoot them. You'll have to decide for yourself on that one. Personally, I have seen so many of the so-called beneficial hawks harrying game birds that I don't have any scruples about taking a pop at one of them when I get the chance.

If worst comes to worst you can

wind up shooting jackrabbits. They're usually hunted with .22's, but they'll give you excellent practice with your deer or varmint rifle if you shoot at them on the run or let them get far enough away. I always have a guilty feeling when I shoot at a rabbit closer than 100 yards with a high-power rifle.

You shouldn't make any rash statements about bringing home a lot of coyotes before you go hunting for them because the odds are that you won't get many, even if they are plentiful. Old Man Coyote knows how to keep his hide on his carcass. Count the day well spent when you get one, and if you happen to be lucky and bring in two or three, then you can brag.

The amount of game killed is not the measure of the sport, however. Getting out into the open during a season when most nimrods are house-bound is well worth the effort, and boiling a pot of coffee over a sagebrush fire at noon is fun. Besides, if you make a few trips during the dull season the time will pass much faster until you can go fishing.

On top of all that, if you make yourself scarce during February, the odds are your wife never will catch you and put you to work doing odd jobs for her around the house.

It's a Man's World

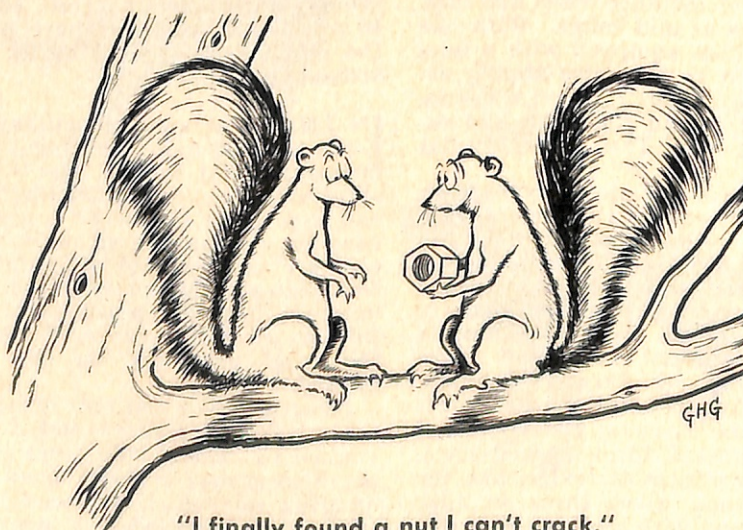
(Continued from page 13)

ance of small game made bird shooting unpopular and such novelty rifles had little general acceptance.

Before the development of the present-day magazine in repeating guns, there were numerous efforts to provide multiple shot rifles. One type, developed in England, shot four times by means of four nipples on the barrel. To strike them the hammer was slid a notch forward for each shot. American inventors experimented without great success with a cylinder of the kind now used for revolvers. Representatives of these two rare types are included in this catalogue. In fact, it contains

practically every type of gun ever made, from a miquelet Sardinian rifle more than 250 years old, on down to a rifle used by Japanese infantrymen in World War II.

In this same catalogue is an equally fascinating listing of ancient and historical revolvers which may be bought for from \$22 for an Oriental flintlock pistol, 17 inches long with an unusual ball butt and pearl and wire inlaid stock, to a pair of a German nobleman's dueling pistols with butts of chiselled brass and highly decorated with sculptured figures, which sell for \$250. The variety is vast and compelling. One



"I finally found a nut I can't crack."

English brass barrel pistol, made in about 1770, has tucked away on its underside a folding bayonet, doubtless designed as a secondary line of defense. Some are side-by-side and top-and-bottom double-barrel affairs of which one—the pepperbox, it was called—was the forerunner of the modern Tommy gun and had six barrels. The catalogue doesn't say whether this weapon was generally considered dangerous but its great popularity indicated that in the early 1800's any man who could shoot six times without reloading was greatly to be respected.

One oldtimer, designed, you might guess, by French Apaches, is a short, deadly pinfire weapon which provides not only a folding stiletto but a grip designed as brass knuckles. If you've shot all your ammunition; if you've bent your auxiliary dagger to impotence, you can still fold the thing up in your hand and slug your adversary. The Apaches are indeed ingenious.

WHILE somewhat less a complete arsenal, an American-designed pistol also provided extra facilities for personal attack. Such weapons were very popular with gamblers, when card playing was a gentlemanly profession, as they were frequently called upon to defeat with a bullet an opponent who refused to be beaten by five aces. One calibre .22 model was called "My Friend", but, unlike the Apache pistol which was designed for a fistful, the American weapon provided for only one knuckle. Another gamblers' oddity is the knife pistol, in which a harmless looking pocketknife suddenly spews out a bullet. There was also a tiny four-inch palm pistol which has no hammer or trigger, but which resembles the head of a straight cane. It was cocked by pulling back on the knob, and fired by releasing a spring. Any man who could shoot it without losing several of his own fingers was adjudged very clever indeed.

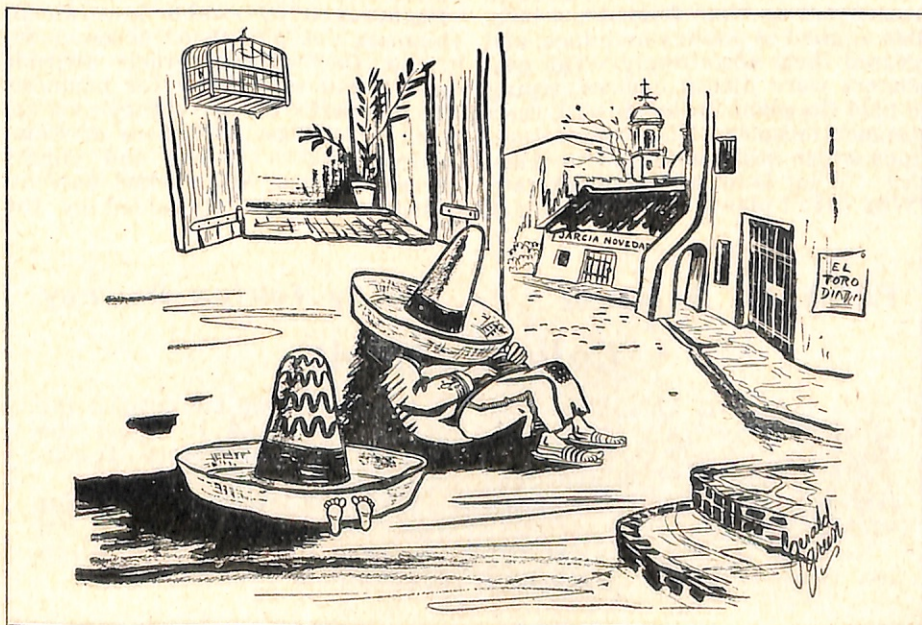
Perhaps the most unusual pistol in

the catalogue is the "Squeeze Gun", a lethal gadget used with some success by what passed for gangsters in the 1880's. This .32 calibre device at first glance resembles an early working model of a mechanical cigarette lighter, but it wasn't. It was held in the closed fist with only a short tip of barrel protruding between the fingers. When the opposition became recalcitrant there was no fussing around trying to insert the index finger through the trigger guard and no annoying hammers to cock. It was necessary only to squeeze your fist a little and a bullet popped out. Handy.

Of the hundreds of revolvers listed in the catalogue the most popular for collectors is the Colt's Peacemaker, which was carried universally throughout the West from 1871 onwards. This calibre .44 gun (\$35 and up) does more to thrill small boys in motion pictures than any other weapon so far invented. Every cowboy from William S. Hart to Roy Rogers has carried one and with it seriously handicapped the offensive operations of innumerable villains. Today, on Western locations around Hollywood, it probably fires more blank ammunition than all the guns of the world put together. But as a souvenir, what man wouldn't like to own one?

The Shooter's Bible and the *Catalogue of Antique Firearms and Edged Weapons* are two highly provocative books. They'll stand hours of pouring over without flagging interest. But if you can read either of them and not reach for an order blank and a checkbook, you're a better man than I am. And so, if they ultimately cost a little more than the original purchase price, don't say I didn't warn you. But whatever it is it will be worth it.

If you would like to know where to obtain either of these gun books, write to Dickson Hartwell, care of The Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City (17).



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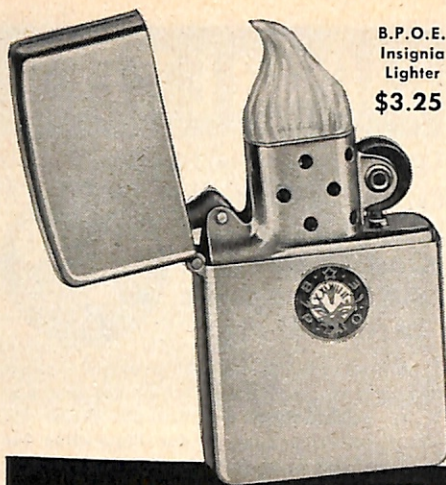
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It's in the Bag

(Continued from page 16)

and his parachute, could be carried if there was room. It cost about \$800 for the doubtful privilege of making the coast-to-coast trip. In return for his investment, the passenger was allowed, in the older type of crate, to sit in the front cockpit holding the mailbags on his lap. In the later planes he had to pile into the mail hold and sit with his head sticking out of the open hatch. In bad weather he closed the hatch down over him and stretched out on the bags. If the going was rough, the pilot, on landing, would burrow down into the mail, haul his passenger out almost unconscious from the fearful battering he had taken.

The first American-built plane with passenger accommodations was the Boeing 40. A tiny cabin up front carried two people. First regular passenger service in the country was established by Western Air Express between Los Angeles and Salt Lake City. In 1927 came the first transcontinental passenger service over the National and Boeing Air Transport Companies, predecessors of United Airlines. It was not comfortable riding. The pioneer air traveler boarded a plane at New Brunswick, New Jersey, at noon, flew the remainder of that day, then all night and all the following day, arriving in San Francisco at 5:30 p.m. A president of one of the large airlines recalls that on his first trip in a Boeing two-seater, he was caught in a hailstorm while the ship did acrobatics. He emerged with blood dripping onto his shirt from a cut lip, the brim of his derby around his neck, while its crown was held like a skullcap to his head by a huge bump on his forehead.

The infant airlines hated passengers at first. It meant that the pilots would have to clean up, watch their language, get an occasional haircut and shave. They referred to passengers as "live freight", a term also applied to poultry and dogs, and treated them accordingly. The passengers were jittery novices, trying to hold the plane in the air with their stomach muscles. They asked questions which still remain airline classics: "What is kept in air pockets?" "Why didn't planes have built-in tail



The stewardess on a modern air-liner is a busy girl.

winds since it made them go faster?" They were overawed and browbeaten by insolent airmen who had the manners of old Mississippi River pilots—and dressed like them, too. Some pilots are supposed to have appeared at the flying fields in cutaways and striped trousers. The fabulous Art Smith wore a fancy vest covered with medals he had won at air meets.

With the arrival of the ten-passenger Ford trimotors in 1927, the airlines donned their first long pants. Encouraged by sizable government bonuses for passenger accommodations, they changed their attitude and began scrambling for business. To popularize air travel they took up, free of charge, Chambers of Commerce, women's clubs and almost everyone else who looked solvent. Their work was not aided by the

FAME IN A NAME

By Fairfax Downey

College Spirit

It's been said that there's no better way to make your name ring down the ages than to endow a college. Elihu Yale and John Harvard tried it, and so far it's worked all right for them.

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Athens where he encouraged the philosopher Plato to found the first university in history. It continued there for 900 years.

Whenever you use the term for a seat of learning: academy, you commemorate that early patron of education, Academus.

president of one of the larger lines who, hating to fly, sent telegrams to subordinates threatening "to jump a train and come out there to fire you".

In addition to gum "to settle their stomachs", passengers were given packets of cotton for their ears to cut down the din of the motors which was enlarged tenfold by the sounding board effect of the uninsulated metal cabin. Loads were spasmodic, with the airlines praying for passengers weekdays, for space on weekends. Oversales on the latter days became the order of the day. Space releases took the form of lengthy and often vitriolic long-distance phone calls. Fragmentary and erratic weather reports filed via Western Union for each trip (no teletype sequences) constituted clearances.

If the crew was hungry, they retired to a local beanery until their hunger was satisfied and departure time was adjusted accordingly. All day was not too long to wait for a passenger in town with just a little more business to finish before coming to the field. Bad weather and the Fords stayed home, bowing to the little Lockheed and Pitcairns which veteran pilots pushed through, to hold the bread-and-butter of the airlines—the mail contracts.

THERE was still practically no government regulation. Load manifests were unheard of. Baggage and mail were piled aboard until the pilot screamed, "Enough!" The cargo aboard was the co-pilot's secret, with no written records to preserve the figures. To give their passengers a thrill, pilots zoomed down railroad tracks a few feet above the telegraph wires. As late as 1930 a pilot looped his Ford Trimotor loaded with ten passengers over the city of Boston to collect a bet. The white-faced, terror-stricken passengers complained and, to his amazement, the pilot was fired.

Stewardesses came to the airlines in 1930. Hitherto, when the co-pilot thought his passengers should eat, he popped into the cabin, distributed box lunches, generally two sandwiches and an apple, and poured hot coffee. Ellen Church, a San Francisco nurse, thought that trained nurses on board might relieve the crew of such petty jobs and assist airsick passengers. She took the

idea to United Airlines where it was accepted at once and soon spread to all other American and some foreign airlines. Even Japan had flying geishas before the war. Women were preferred to men because their presence aboard was pleasing to male passengers and induced other women to travel by air.

A modern 56-passenger air-liner keeps two stewardesses extremely busy. They have over 2,000 articles of equipment to handle and check, including toothpicks, diapers, electric shavers and paper slippers, berths to make, passengers to entertain and six-course meals to serve. Special baking processes must be used for cake served aloft; at high altitudes the bubbles in ordinary cake collapse. One hostess has estimated that the average consumption of a bowl of soup in a modern 250-mile-per-hour transport requires 40 miles of travel; a salad, 32 miles; entree, 83 miles, and dessert and coffee, 35 miles. A meal should take 190 miles to eat. One gobbled up in 100 or 110 miles is apt to cause indigestion.

Stewardesses have ordered forced landings to rush patients to hospitals for appendectomies, have ministered to hundreds of thousands of cases of sickness, have ignored their own injuries to help the other occupants of crashed planes. Despite close calls, no baby yet has been born on a plane.

Hostesses' stories are legion, but the earliest and funniest is the one about the dowager on her first ride who refused to chew gum since it was undignified. Aloft the pressure on her eardrums became painful. Beckoning the stewardess over, she asked for a piece of gum, chewed it vigorously for a moment or two, then stuffed it into her ears.

Another concerns the very tired businessman on a night trip to Chicago, who warned the hostess before going to sleep that it might be very difficult to get him up. He awoke next morning to find the plane two hours beyond his destination. Furious, he lectured the stewardess on her competence in very direct terms. Later he recovered his temper and apologized profusely for the language he had used.

"Oh, that was nothing," said the hostess sweetly. "You should have heard the man we put off the plane at the Chicago airport".

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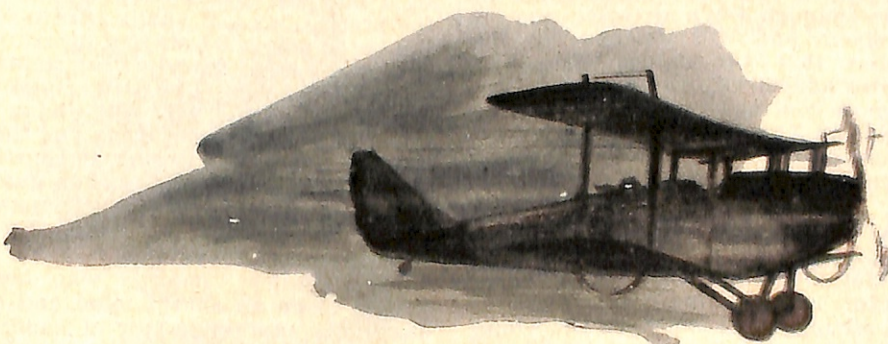
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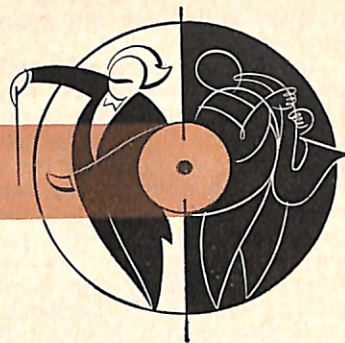
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TURNTABLE TALK

BY CHARLES MILLER



BY THE time you read this, dust may be gathering in the studios of recording companies throughout the land, as spiders make webs on control panels and families of rodents listen with interest to the ghosts of old songs crying into dead microphones. Of course, such a prediction can conceivably make a monkey out of me, but as I write this, it looks as if Mr. Petrillo will carry out his plan and lead his flock from the platter business until he can arrange to make the pasture become greener.

At the moment, as the major companies cut records frantically before the December 31st deadline, rumors are flying through the music business with such rapidity that it's difficult to duck. Nevertheless, I can't manage to work myself into a state of hysteria over any part of the business, for no matter what Mr. Petrillo decides to do about making records, your turntable won't be idle.

The reason for this is the fact that nearly every company already has cut enough material to provide a backlog for at least one year. I realize that this precludes the possibility of recording new tunes, but with the song-writing profession being what it is, I don't think anyone will suffer from that. In fact, it seems to me that the absence of new material may turn out to be surprisingly pleasant for all of us. The record companies never have been averse in the past to spreading nostalgia through the medium of reissues, and they certainly have an ideal opportunity to develop that end of the game right now. I'm sure that many listeners will welcome the fond memories that may be brought back by Paul Whiteman, Hal Kemp, the old Casa Loma band, Fletcher Henderson, Fats Waller, the Boswell Sisters and so many others, to say nothing of the tunes they played. Personally, I can think of few happier ways to solve such a problem and will welcome all the oldies that the record companies throw at me. Of course, there is the remote contingency that Mr. Petrillo will find a way to put the kibosh on reissues. In that case I'll be through as a record reviewer.

A COMPARATIVELY recent trend in the record business involves taking the sound track from a motion picture and peddling it in the form of an album. The results, on the whole, have been excellent, and I'd like to

mention two fine examples from the current crop. The first was taken off the sound track of the MGM extravaganza *Good News*, and offers the best tunes from that show, handled with customary Hollywood polish by June Allyson, Peter Lawford and a big impressive chorus. This sort of thing is outstanding entertainment (to say nothing of smart advertising) and should liven up anybody's party (MGM 17). The other album will appeal mostly to hot-jazz fans, but I think there is much in it that should impress more conservative tastes as well. This is a rather elaborate arrangement of the "St. Louis Blues", taken from a movie made in 1929 by the late Bessie Smith, the greatest interpreter of the twelve-bar theme that the music has ever known. The picture itself was regarded as too indelicate for the public eye and consequently was barred from general exhibition. However, an enterprising gent named Rudi Blesh has managed to obtain the sound track for his Circle Record Company, and the album is a stirring thing. Despite primitive recording, Bessie's voice stands out with all its strength and conviction, and a fine instrumental background is provided by a band that includes such jazz greats as Joe Smith (trumpet), Happy Caldwell (clarinet), James P. Johnson (piano) and Kaiser Marshall (drums). The arrangement is by J. Rosamunde Johnson and W. C. Handy. Even if you don't happen to like hot jazz in the raw, the album is, nevertheless, a valuable piece of Americana.

Of all the small instrumental combinations playing today, my favorite (and probably yours) is the King Cole Trio. Its current Capitol album (CC 59), the third in a series made over the past year or so, is something you'll want around the house. In a business that's sagging under the pretentious and gaudy efforts of the big bands, it's always a pleasure to listen to the friendly, easygoing music of the Trio. I particularly get a kick out of the way Nat (King) Cole handles a tune, offering you the lyrics rather than trying to shove them down your throat, and in general giving the impression of a very affable guy behind the mike. You can't miss with this album.

Pearl Bailey, the girl who has cashed in on an absent mind and a dazzlingly expressive pair of hands, is leaving New York night club audi-

ences in a mildly hysterical state. If you happen to be in this part of the world, it will be worth your while to pay her a visit at whatever club she may be working in, for she must be seen to be fully appreciated. However, the next best thing is to hear her, and any one of several Columbia records ("That's Good Enough For Me", "Tired", "St. Louis Blues", to name a few), should suffice to put you in her rooting section. Her latest is a Rabelaisian gem called "But What Are These?"

OF THE current and comparatively recent operatic offerings, Columbia's "Hansel and Gretel" album (MOP 26, two volumes), should prove exceptionally interesting. This is the first complete recording ever made of the work, and, by the way, the first complete recording ever made at the Metropolitan Opera House of any opera. It's sung in English, and the voices of Rise Stevens, Nadine Conner and others, have more than adequately interpreted the naive charm of Humperdinck's pleasantest product. The orchestra and Chorus (of the Met) are conducted by Max Rudolph.

A more important work is the new Columbia "La Boheme", but it hasn't been released yet, nor have I heard it. I can't even give you the album number, but when you read this, your music store should be able to accommodate you. All I can tell you about this latest edition of the Puccini classic is that, like "Hansel and Gretel", it's the first complete recording of the work made in this country. It, too, was recorded in its entirety at the Met. It will offer Bidu Sayao, Richard Tucker and Giuseppe Antonicelli conducting the Met Orchestra and Chorus.

Another new album that will be out when you read this is one that I'm particularly looking forward to. It consists of the six Bach sonatas for violin and harpsichord, played in a two-album set by Alexander Schneider and Ralph Kirkpatrick. Once again, the book is a "first" for this country. You may not be as familiar with the sonatas as with Bach's concertos, or with his organ and choral music, yet the works bear his particular stamp of genius.



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We shall appreciate your full cooperation.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

By *James C. Nicholson*
General Manager

Soothing Syrup

(Continued from page 8)

Bostwick cried. "You want to blind me for certain?" He fumbled the canteen out of Ogden's hands and poured water over his eyes. The water made rivulets down the sand on his cheeks. He shook his head vigorously. Then he drank. He opened his eyes for a moment, and Ogden saw they were shot with blood and flecked with sand. He glared at the sergeant.

"What is this," he demanded fiercely, "some form of hazing? First, you build up the Indian menace. Next, you bull me into going through a sand storm. Then you try to blind me. I ought to break you," he growled.

"I'll be broke, sir," Ogden mourned, "when the colonel sees you. I'm supposed to know the country, and you ain't. That's why they detailed me. Whatever happens is my fault, and I'll be leavin' the army a private, just like I come in it," he ended bitterly.

Captain Bostwick frowned, then a puzzled look appeared on his face.

"We'll be in a pretty fix, sir," Ogden said, "if we run into hostiles, and you blind."

The captain opened his eyes and attempted to look at Ogden. He let his lids fall, and said wrathfully, "I wish I could see your face. If only I could keep my eyes open long enough to see a smile on it—"

"No, sir," Ogden said soberly. "You want some help to mount, sir?"

The captain shook his head, fumbled for the stirrup and swung into the saddle.

"Lead off," he said sullenly. "And, damn it, I'm not blind. I'm just keeping my eyes closed."

The sun was warm, and it was still with that stillness in which there is

no motion. The rolling grassland stretched out before the horses, and in the distance the Wichitas showed red and black through the yellow haze of the settling dust. Ogden rode silently, his eyes fixed on the east.

"We must be on the grassland," Bostwick said. "I can smell it."

"Yes, sir," Ogden said uneasily. "You still can't see?"

"I might," Bostwick said with disgust, "if I could keep my eyes open. It hurts, I told you."

Ogden sighed with relief. Every suggestion he had ventured to make to the captain had resulted in just the opposite being done. If he could keep Bostwick's eyes shut, they might get back to Fort Sill alive.

"You better open your eyes, sir," he said. "Lots of times I been hurt. I been froze in winter, and I been without water in summer. I've eat for days off a dead horse. I still got a piece of lead in me, and a hole where another was dug out. It ain't ever rightly healed. This is a hell of a country, Captain." Ogden paused, watching the flashes in the east. "And there's always the hostiles to keep a man's nerves ajumpin'."

"Poor fellow," Bostwick grunted.

"You wait, sir," Ogden continued gloomily. "It takes this nice weather to bring the Kiowas out. It seems as how the sun on an Indian's back warms him up nice for murder. It builds up his power, and he sets up a yelpin' for trouble." Ogden spurred the mare, his eyes following the flashes. The gelding quickened his pace. "You still can't see, sir?" Ogden muttered.

Bostwick ignored him. His face was grim. Ogden licked his dry lips. He moved his hand nervously over his saber tang.

"Please, Captain," he said in desperation, "if you could just hold your seat a mite straighter, and keep your head up. If an Indian saw you, he'd think you was sick, or wounded, sir."

"Just wait until we get in, Sergeant," Bostwick snarled. "You'll draw a general court martial for this day!" His voice was hoarse with rage.

Ogden groaned, and they rode on into the shadows cast by the Wichitas across the grassland. The yellow tinge in the sky cleared, and white clouds drifted into piles over Mount Scott. The sun still shone hot on the eastern side of the valley, splashing back the flecks of light which danced in Ogden's anxious eyes. It was Kiowa silver. Now it was closer, and he picked out five riders. If Bostwick saw them, Ogden thought miserably, he would be on his way out there, ready to measure their heads.

He reined the mare in a wide circle, staring over his shoulder. A prickling began on the back of his neck. He could see them clearly now, the five restless young men from the Big Bend of the Washita, out in the Kiowa weather. He could make out the beaten silver ornaments, and the paint, and the tails of the fat ponies in their war braids. They sat, watching the two cavalymen curiously. Then they began to talk and gesture. Ogden put the mare into a fast lope, the gelding following. It was eight miles to Fort Sill.

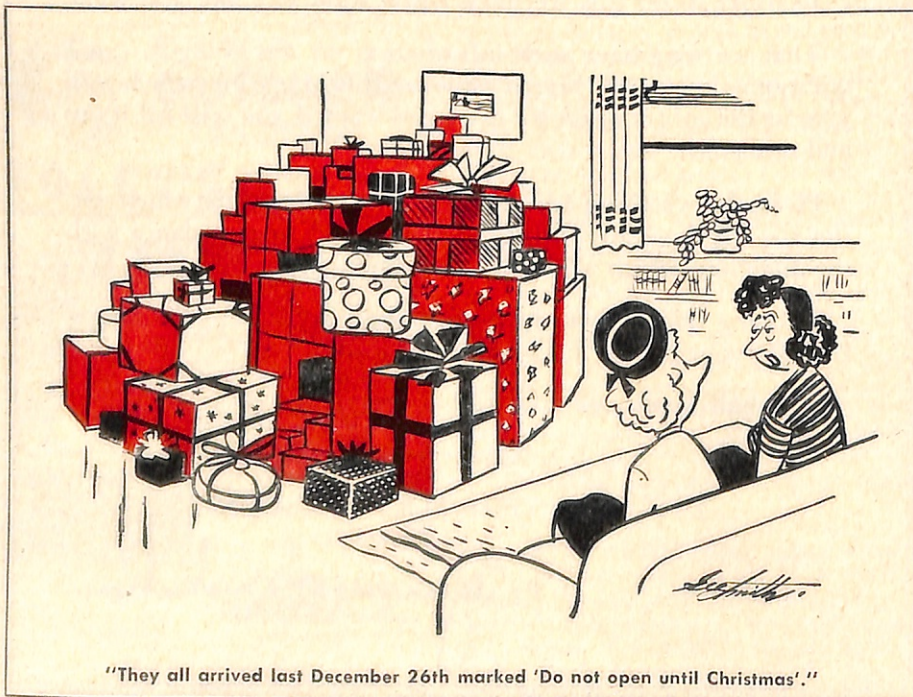
The Kiowas kept a generous distance, their heels thumping against the barrels of the ponies. They cut the trail of the two cavalry mounts through the grass, and one warrior leaped from his pony and trotted, nosing the trail like an eager hound. Ogden knew the purpose of it. The Kiowas were searching for blood sign. Now was the time to ride for it.

"Let the gelding run, sir," Ogden cried. He spurred the mare hard. "We're almost in."

Bostwick's horse stretched his neck as the mare broke, but the captain brought his head up and fought him silently. Bostwick's face was set in fury. For a moment his bloodshot eyes were fixed on the sergeant with horrible intensity, and Ogden heard the breath whistle through the captain's clenched teeth.

"Look behind you, sir!" Ogden cried. "My God! Look behind you!"

The fat little ponies of the Kiowas came in fast, the warriors riding high on the cruppers. One was a bonnet man, and the sergeant saw the eagle feathers bob in the wind, and the dancing lights from the silver bosses on the head band. Ogden spun the mare and snatched the Springfield from the saddle boot. The double snick of the lock came sharp and urgent as he raised the hammer. He cast a quick look at Bostwick. The captain had swung about at the



"They all arrived last December 26th marked 'Do not open until Christmas!'"

sound, and both his eyes and mouth were open. Ogden saw his hand drop to the stock of his Henry beneath his knee.

Ogden punched four cartridges from his belt and palmed them. He stopped the mare and steadied her with his knees. He raised the carbine, and at once the Kiowas fanned out, dropping behind their ponies' necks. They were still out of range, but Ogden caught and held the pony of the bonnet man in his sights. For a long minute, as the circle of the surround began to form, he felt hot and smothered. Then he began to sweat and he felt cool and good. He became conscious of the tightening ring of warriors. He eased the trigger of the Springfield back a trifle, feeling the drag of the sere. A long howl came from the Kiowas, eager whoops. Ogden chose a range marker as the circle closed, and when the pony of the bonnet man crossed it, he took a slow breath and squeezed the trigger. The pony hit rolling. The warrior struck the ground on one shoulder and the side of his head. His body settled into the grass, the wind stirring the feathers of his bonnet gently.

Ogden flipped his breech block and crammed in another cartridge. An Indian rode in for the body of the bonnet man, and as he slipped from his pony the Henry cracked behind Ogden. The Kiowa spun and fell in the grass. Ogden saw his feet drumming the earth. Then the gelding leaped past him. Bostwick held the reins high and the rifle leveled.

Ogden swung to his left as a head appeared below a pony's neck, and a rifle swung smoothly into position. He snapped a shot at the pony's throat. He fumbled another cartridge into the carbine, and he saw a puff of smoke and a flash of fire from the rifle barrel under the pony's neck. He felt a numbing blow on his hip.

He kept his eyes up, smiling faintly, painfully. The Springfield settled snugly against his shoulder. One Kiowa was on his way in and Ogden shot him high in the chest and he went off the pony's croup, wailing.

The crack of the Henry rifle mixed with the steady roar in Ogden's ears. His senses grew dull, and the carbine began to weigh heavy in his hands. He held tightly to it, while one hand explored the sopping area where the Kiowa bullet had struck, glancing from his saber plate. He stared down, fascinated. Then the pain began. It stabbed up his side and down his leg, and fine beads of sweat formed over his eyebrows and on his upper lip. The sharp agony cleared his mind and he stared at the open breech of the Springfield. He fitted a cartridge and carefully pressed the breech block down. He raised the gun, clamping the stock tightly against his side with an elbow. He groped for the reins.

There were two Kiowas out there, and Ogden threatened with the carbine. His head spun from the effort. The Indians howled dismally, just out of range. The sergeant remembered Bostwick. It was hard to get his head up. He put his shoulders back, and his chin came off his chest. He saw the captain kneeling in the grass, the rifle butt on the ground. Ogden moved the spurs over the mare's flanks. The Kiowas moved in. Ogden carefully raised the carbine. This was the finish. He would never muster out. He would never go to St. Louis to see Doctor Brummly. His hands shook as he tried to center the carbine. He stared straight ahead for a moment, his stomach twisting. He retched. His fingers opened and the Springfield slipped to the ground. Warily he attempted to swing a leg free of the stirrup, his hand fumbling at the Colts in his holster. The

(Continued on page 34)



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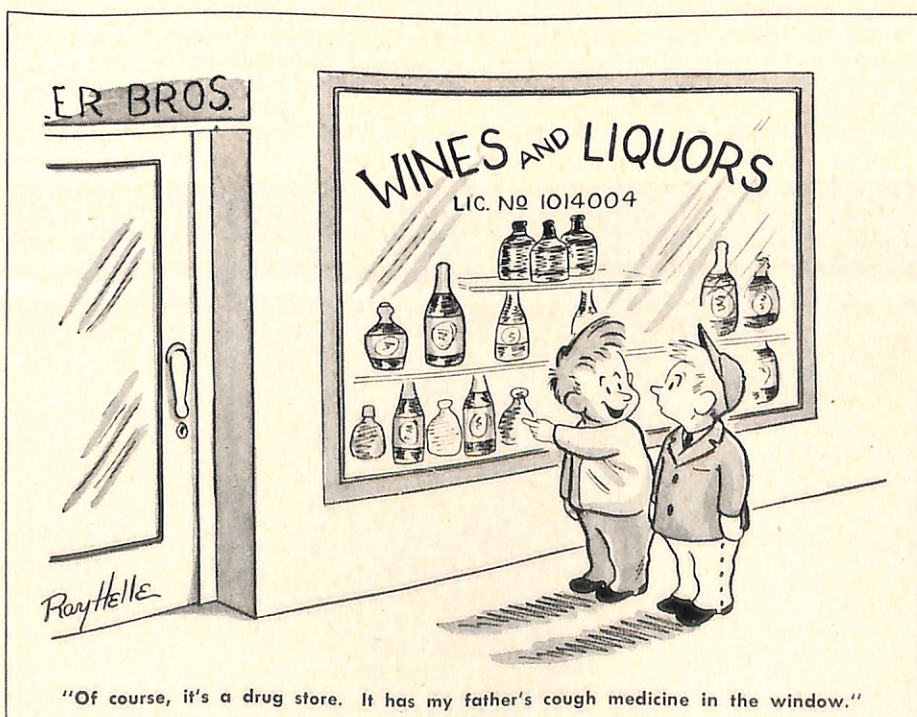
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mare's neck rose to meet his face. He clung with both hands, working his fingers into the mane.

The sharp crack of the rifle beside him brought no thought to his mind. A shot boomed from the prairie, then another. Ogden held tightly against the mare's neck. Again the rifle fired, and in the silence that followed hands reached for him, loosening his grip on the mare's mane. He tumbled slowly and was eased to the ground. His eyes wandered, then fixed on the captain kneeling beside him.

"You'll be all right, sir," he mumbled. "Just give the gelding his head and you can outrun both of 'em."

Smiling, Bostwick shook his head. His eyes watered, and he blinked steadily. "There's just one, Sergeant, and he's on his way back to the Washita." He gently bared Ogden's wound and peered at it. "Um, nasty. You've lost blood, man."

Ogden drew quick, shallow breaths. "Go on in," he gasped. "You can send a doctor." Then he remembered there was none at the post. He closed his eyes. "The Brummly book," he whispered. "Maybe it'll tell. In my saddle bag."

"Good Lord!" he heard the captain mumble. Then the flesh on his hip crawled as he felt Bostwick's fingers busy at the wound. He winced, holding tightly to a bunch of grass. He opened his eyes and saw a leather case open on the ground beside him. He strained to see around Bostwick's shoulder.

"Lie still," the captain snapped. "I didn't know you'd been hit. I thought you had things in hand, so I took the measurements I wanted from that Kiowa's head. It was brachycephalic, all right," he concluded with satisfaction.

Then Ogden felt as if his whole hip was being taken from him. He bared his teeth.

"That hurts!" he cried.

"Lots of times, Sergeant," Bostwick said mockingly. "I've been hurt. I've been frozen in winter, and I've been without water in summer. I've never eaten horse, but a Kiowa bul-

let—" he paused, grunting, and examined the flattened slug between the forceps, "—is no more painful, I believe, than the Cheyenne bullets I've been extracting around Fort Laramie."

Ogden pondered this, his mind wandering. He watched a string of lint slide perkily across his thigh and disappear. There was a numbing comfort in his hip and he began to feel that vague unease of a man with his pants down. Bostwick stood up, rubbing his hands on the sides of his tight breeches. His eyes were still running.

"Let's see you stand," he ordered.

Ogden dreamily came up on one knee, then to his full height. He reeled slightly, drawing his breeches together and cinching the belt. He sidled up to the mare. The captain braced him, the leather case under one arm. Ogden saw letters on the cover. They read, "Brummly Bostwick, M.D., Capt. U. S. Army." He worked this over in his mind.

"You a doctor, sir?" he muttered.

Bostwick nodded.

Ogden put a finger on the first name of the lettering.

"Are you the doctor, sir?" he said.

Again Bostwick nodded. "Yes. I found time to write a book. I thought it best to publish it under my first name."

A slow smile grew on Sergeant Salem Ogden's face. He groaned happily as he raised a foot to the stirrup. He mounted, shifting the weight to his right hip.

"You a calomel man, sir?" he demanded.

Bostwick grinned. "Yes. And I've been working with castor oil for stomach trouble, in massive and frequent doses."

Ogden sighed with satisfaction. He fumbled in his pocket and brought out the dried root. He tossed it away.

"That's army medicine, sir," he said. "That's medicine that's got a bite to it. And I come so close to musterin' out and lettin' some civilian doc feed me soothin' syrup. But it'll take you time to help me, sir. I got the worst stummick in the army."

FAME IN A NAME

By Fairfax Downey

Her Face was His Fortune

Few men in their lifetimes attain the celebrity of becoming an adjective in common usage. This artist achieved it with pen and ink and a girl. Most often his wife was the model for the beautiful, stately and charming ladies he drew. Men gazed at the drawings and found their ideal of feminine loveliness. Quickly almost every maiden in the United States did everything she could to look, dress and act like those girls appearing in the pages of

old *Life* and other popular magazines.

Through his long and successful career, the artist exerted amazing influence on modes, manners and morals. An entire era—we call it the Gay Nineties—sat to him for its portrait. Some years before his recent death he had put aside pen-and-ink to paint in oils and did not win prominence in that field. Yet the reputation of Charles Dana Gibson is renewed with every mention of the Gibson Girl.

Elk Newsletter

(Continued from page 5)

and Hospital Services of the Armed Forces is now at work determining the extent to which unification will permit the disposal of duplicating hospital services. The committee is expected to recommend that certain hospitals be closed, that others be placed on standby status and that still others be disposed of as surplus.

Washington observers, aware of the manner in which local pressure groups have forced both services to waste huge sums maintaining obsolete Indian war forts and outmoded naval bases, are wondering how far the latest attempt at efficiency will get.

Interesting to the medical field is the survey the committee will make of the possibility of allocating to one service the responsibility for providing all hospitalization and medical care in certain special fields of medicine--tropical medicine, for example, or maybe neuropsychiatry or prosthetics.



Halted last October to permit a joint Army-Navy committee to screen and tag those wanted for the industrial reserve, the disposal of war-surplus machine tools is now being resumed by the War Assets Administration. WAA has instructed its field offices to begin competitive bid offerings at various locations, and indications are that this program is now moving into its final phase. As of the year end, more than \$1,000,000,000 worth of surplus machine tools, out of acquisitions of about \$1,320,000,000, had been sold to commercial users, donated to schools and institutions for training purposes, or returned to the National stockpile by WAA.



Publicly-reported cash dividends of manufacturing corporations increased 25 per cent in September-October-November over the same period a year before. The Office of Small Business has issued "The Small Businessman and His Bank", an explanation of basic banking policies and requirements governing business loans. The Office of Domestic Commerce, covering the bottom rungs of the economic ladder, reported that department store bargain basements are registering sharp advances in sales of lower-priced shoes. Begun in August, the trend is continuing.



Legislation which would provide an annual appropriation of \$300,000,000 by the Federal Government to aid public schools is being pushed by the National Education Association. The sum is modest, the Association points out, compared to the amount which it proposed Congress allocate to support the western European countries. It is modest, too, in comparison with the sums which would be involved in the Veterans' Economic Development Corporation Act, a sort of RFC for veterans, which is also before Congress. Supported by the Veterans of Foreign Wars and endorsed by the chiefs of other veterans' organizations, the proposed VEDC would provide long-term loans at four per cent interest to help veterans increase the Nation's capacity to produce certain goods.

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ONLY \$2.98



**FREE 10 Day
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Sizes 28 to 47
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113 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Send "COMMANDER" for 10 days' trial on approval. I'll pay postman \$2.98 plus postage. If not satisfied after wearing it 10 days, I may return it for prompt refund of purchase price.

My waist is.....My height is.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check here if you enclose \$2.98 with coupon and we'll pay postage. Same refund offer holds.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 9)

THE PEARL by John Steinbeck

The Pearl is John Steinbeck's latest book. It is not a novel, nor even a novelette, although it is of novellette length. What it is, I guess, is a folk parable somewhat in the vein of the same author's *The Forgotten Village*. The present book tells the story of a poor Indian fisherman named Kino who, one day, found a magnificent pearl in an oyster bed near his village. This piece of luck, almost from the beginning, brings evil to the house of Kino and to the whole village, and that will not come as much of a surprise to the reader because Steinbeck sets a mood of solemnity and tragedy in the very first pages; from then on the tale runs to its end with an ever-mounting violence. Kino's find, which he hopes will make him rich enough to send his little boy to school, is immediately noised about the village and the nearby town; it becomes a *cause célèbre* and starts everyone's hands itching. Like a malevolent chemical agent, the pearl creates new and mostly base emotions in Kino's neighbors; and it changes Kino, in subtle ways, as he feels the forces of avarice and envy closing in on him. Finally, it brings inevitable misery and death before it has been flung back into the sea. This doesn't sound like much of a story—or maybe it sounds like too many stories—but it is Steinbeck's telling of it that makes the difference for, in everything he writes about the poor and oppressed, especially the Mexican poor and oppressed, there is compassion and humanity. (Viking, \$2.00)

THE PURPLE PLAIN by H. E. Bates

One of England's more promising younger writers, H. E. Bates, has let his public down, somewhat, in his new novel, *The Purple Plain*. There is a thrice-told flavor to this story of an embittered R.A.F. fighter pilot, who has lost interest in living after seeing his wife killed in a London air-raid, and who gets transferred to the Burma theater in hopes of dying as spectacularly as possible by taking on the most dangerous assignments. Somehow, along in the early part of the narrative, you get the feeling that the pilot is going to meet a woman who will help reconcile him to life—and that is just what happens, or just what Mr. Bates arranges. The flyer crashes in the jungle and, while wounded, meets a beautiful Burmese girl who falls in love with him and helps him to get back to his own territory and to find eventual rehabilitation. This turn to the story, which could happen, but just never seems to, outside the pages of fiction, to my mind, cheapens a book that could have been an excellent study of a

mind wrecked by war. Still, many parts of it are very well written, and maybe it can be put down as one of those books a writer just has to get out of his system before he can go on to other things. A selection of the Literary Guild for January. (Atlantic, Little-Brown, (\$2.75))

HERITAGE OF FREEDOM edited by Frank Monaghan

Whether or not you have seen the Freedom Train, or plan to, you will be interested in a new book which gives the history of the 125 basic American documents currently being exhibited on the train. This is *Heritage of Freedom*, edited by Frank Monaghan—a large-format volume reproducing many of the papers in facsimile and explaining their significance in historical context. The documents cover a period from the discovery of America (there is a page from Columbus' report to the King of Spain on his first voyage) to the surrender of the German armies at Rheims, and they are very handsomely printed. The author is historical consultant for the American Heritage Foundation, which is sponsoring the Freedom Train, and has done an able job of presenting the material. (Princeton University Press, \$3.50)

RUSSIA'S EUROPE by Hal Lehrman

That well-known Iron Curtain cannot be such a forbidding barrier after all, if the number of books by English and American foreign correspondents which have been written from behind it is any index. A new one, called *Russia's Europe*, by Hal Lehrman, takes us once again into the forbidden territories on Russia's periphery—Middle Europe and the Balkans. Mr. Lehrman, an American newspaperman, recently toured through Austria, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria and Romania in an effort to determine what effect the presence of the Red Army was having on the political structure of those countries. He went in, he says, a confirmed liberal, with a slight predilection in favor of Soviet Russia; he returned a disillusioned man. He now states that the much-vaunted "peoples' governments" of the Balkans are nothing of the kind; that they are founded on terror and the secret police, and that if the Anglo-Americans do not take some meas-

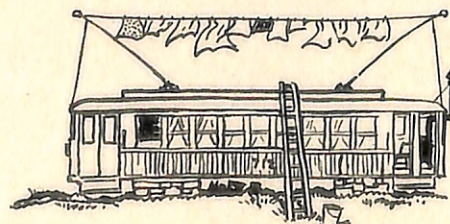
ures more effective in those theaters of peace than they have in the past, all of Eastern Europe will be lost to totalitarianism "made in Moscow". There is, of course, nothing very new about all this; many other writers have been saying much the same thing in recent months. But none of them has said it with more conviction or with more wealth of eyewitness evidence to bolster his claims. Although Mr. Lehrman's is hardly a well-written book, it has the urgency of a good news-report and is obviously a work of sincerity. (Appleton-Century, \$3.75)

THE LA FOLLETES AND THE WISCONSIN IDEA by Edward N. Doan

The La Follettes and the Wisconsin Idea is a double biography of Robert M. La Follette, the late Senator from Wisconsin, and his son and namesake who still carries on his father's work. The author, Edward N. Doan, has been allied with the La Follettes for some years, and is perhaps a little carried away by his admiration for the younger man. On the whole, however, the book is a fascinating study of two men who have, over a period of forty years, been in the van of progressivism in American politics. Mr. Doan also gives a good presentation of the "Wisconsin Idea", which is, briefly, an enlightened, liberal capitalism that aims at distribution of the goods of the country to the greatest possible number and avoids all concentration of wealth and power in the hands of the few. In a concluding section of the book, the author reviews "Young Bob's" part in the isolationism versus Aid to the Allies issue of 1939-1941. Those chapters are pretty partisan, to say the least. (Rinehart, \$4.00)

U. S. CAMERA edited by Tom Maloney

The new *U. S. Camera* for 1948 is the usual hodge-podge—and a very good one, too. Here, in photographs, the entire year is reviewed, and in such a way that, to a visitor from Mars, it would seem that earthlings are pretty strenuous, not to say terrifying, animals. In succession, the book is a pictorial recital of murder trials, political assassinations, suicides, strikes, explosions and kindred disasters, punctuated occasionally by a portrait of a movie celebrity or a shot of a bunch of babes lined up in Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe to have their gams vaccinated. The last half of the book is more like the *U. S. Cameras* of other years; devoted to fine photographs, it has a representative selection of the work of America's leading photographers and the subject matter in this section is, on the whole, much calmer. (U. S. Camera Publishers, \$5.95)



News of the Order

SUNDAY, DEC. 7, 1947

THE TERRE HAUTE TRIBUNE AND THE TERRE HAUTE SUNDAY STAR

Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks Visits Terre Haute

ROTOGRAVURE SECTION



OFFICERS OF THE TERRE HAUTE LODGE meet their grand exalted ruler. Left to right, front row: C. L. Shideler, Ernest Meissel, J. E. Masters, Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, Joseph Cloutier, Joseph B. Kyle and H. Gordon Wolfe. Second row: James M. Propst, John Cleary, Thomas B. Potter, Dr. C. C. McInish and W. H. McKee. Third row: George C. Foulkes, Carl Fretich, Joseph Walker, Benjamin G. Cox and Dr. R. H. Seefeld.



GRAND LODGE AND STATE OFFICERS of B. P. O. E. welcome Mr. Lewis to Terre Haute. The distinguished visitor is sixth from left in front row.



LOCAL AND VISITING ELKS LADIES who entertained Mrs. Lewis, wife of the grand exalted ruler, during her visit to Terre Haute. Mrs. Lewis is third from left in the front row.



(Left) TERRE HAUTE ELKS AND WIVES honor Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Lewis with a banquet at the city club.

Here is a sample of the splendid newspaper publicity the activities of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge are receiving. This particular spread describes Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis' visit to Terre Haute, and appeared in the rotogravure section of a local newspaper.

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The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

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News of the Subordinate Lodges

Editorial

ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS NATIONAL VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION

To keep our nation in the forefront of aviation science and to preserve the air power essential to national defense and world peace, the U. S. Air Force must be maintained at a strength of 400,000 men.

An important element of this strength is the Aviation Cadet group who will be our future Air Force pilots. The U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force Recruiting Service is faced with the task of enrolling 3,000 Aviation Cadets for the 1948 classes.

In order to get 3,000 men of this caliber the Air Force will need many more applicants, since the requirements are so stiff that only about three out of five who apply can qualify and pass the examinations. The applicants must be unmarried, between 20 and 26½ years of age, and have at least two years of college education or the equivalent. They must also pass a rigid physical examination and aptitude tests, to help determine their fitness for training leading to a pilot's rating and a position of command.

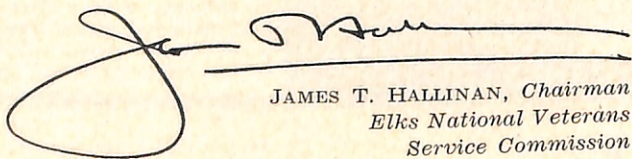
Young men who can meet these qualifications will receive excellent flying training for approximately one year. While in training they receive \$75 per month, plus free clothing, food, equipment, housing, and medical and dental care.

Upon graduation, the Aviation Cadet is commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in the Air Force Reserve, and serves on active duty with a pilot's rating, for three years. His pay is increased to \$336 or, if he marries after graduation, he will get \$372 per month; plus \$500 for each year of active duty. This means a total return to him for the three-year period, of approximately \$15,000. That is a pretty good deal for any young man interested in aviation.

The U. S. Air Force has asked that our members pass on the above information to the young men of your community who are so interested. They may apply, and receive further details at any U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force recruiting station; at any Air Force field or base; by writing direct either to the Chief of Staff, or the Adjutant General, Washington, D. C., or to the Commanding General of any U. S. Air Force or Army Area.

Some of you may be asked to write letters of recommendation for these young men, as they are required to submit three, together with their application, documentary evidence of place and date of their birth, and transcript of their college scholastic records.

Your cooperation in advising these would-be aviation cadets, and making it easier for them to file their applications promptly, will be a great aid in helping them decide upon an Air Force career. You will at the same time be doing your part to help keep our Air Force strong and ever ready in time of need.


JAMES T. HALLINAN, *Chairman*
Elks National Veterans
Service Commission



1
E.R. Leo R. McAloon, left, presents Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge's \$300 check to Dr. Edward C. Morin, Chairman of the R. I. Elks Assn.'s Hospital Service Committee. Treas. Edward F. McGrath and Secy. Patrick J. Devlin, second and third from left respectively, look on. The contribution provided a Christmas party, gifts and occupational therapy for patients at Newport Naval Hospital.

2
A consultation between, left to right, Chairman James T. Hallinan of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission; Secretary George I. Hall of the Board of Grand Trustees; Harry Schlact, editorial writer for the International News Service and the Hearst organization, and William Frasier, Executive Secretary, and David Sholtz, Treasurer, of the Commission.

3
Elk ladies of Muskogee, Okla., sort a few of the gifts collected and prepared for distribution at Christmas to the nearly 400 veterans in the Muskogee hospital.

4
Santa Claus and his helpers from Queens Borough, N. Y., lodge use facilities of the St. Albans Naval Hospital to distribute Christmas gifts to the 1100 patients there.

5
Two of the patients at Kingsbridge VA Hospital No. 81 receive their gifts from Santa Claus and his aides from Bronx, and New York, N. Y., Lodges, as part of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission Christmas program.

6
Patients of Kennedy Veterans Hospital in Memphis line up for refreshments at the party given for them by the Tennessee Elks Association.

7
The recreational hall of Lawson Hospital when Santa Claus gave presents to 500 patients. Members of the Cheerio Committee, of Atlanta, Decatur, East Point and Buckhead, Ga., Elks, visited each ward. They also brought \$500 worth of toys so that each patient visited by a child could give a present to him. The program was repeated at No. 48 Hospital in Atlanta.

8
These are the representatives and ladies from Tampa, St. Petersburg, Clearwater and Tarpon Springs, Fla., Lodges, pictured on Christmas Eve as they prepared to distribute gifts to the 1,261 patients at the U. S. Veterans Hospital at Bay Pines. D.D. Ernest Green and Exalted Rulers of all lodges were in the delegation. P.E.R. Harold Howard of St. Petersburg Lodge was Chairman.



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THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

GRAND EXALTED RULER L. A. LEWIS addressed approximately 300 members of **CANTON, ILL., LODGE, NO. 626**, at ceremonies held in connection with the burning of the mortgage on the lodge home. Introduced by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, Secretary of the Elks National Foundation, Mr. Lewis outlined the many laudable activities of the Order, and urged particularly the sponsoring of Boy Scout Troops and giving aid to veterans.

The meeting was opened by Frederick O. Mercer, Trustee of the West Central District, who introduced Rev. Father George Schramm who gave the invocation. Trustees of the lodge, John Gallagher, G. E. Groover and John Pschirrer, conducted the ceremony of the mortgage-burning. Two Charter Members of No. 626 were introduced to the crowd which included members from Macomb, Kewanee, Galesburg, Monmouth, Springfield, Jacksonville, Peoria and Quincy. Frank White, Executive Secretary of the Crippled Children's Commission, State Secy. S. A. Thompson, Past State Pres. Byron Zea and D.D. Warren Heap were present. A. E. Taff, Chairman of the Committee in charge of the erection of the building, gave a brief history of the organization's 47 years of existence.

Led by Mr. Lewis, **CHAMPAIGN, ILL., LODGE, NO. 398**, paid homage on November 19th to the ten surviving Charter Members of the 79 who founded the lodge 50 years ago. The five who were able to attend, A. L. Stern, T. A. Burt, C. A. Kiler, N. M. Harris and P.E.R. F. W. Woody, were special guests at a banquet highlighting the celebration of No. 398's Golden Anniversary, when Mr. Lewis was the principal speaker. Other dignitaries of the Order were present, including Past Grand Exalted Rulers J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary; Bruce A. Campbell; Henry C. Warner, and Floyd E. Thompson; State Assn. Pres. N. H. Fader; State Assn. Treas. William Wolfe; D.D. John Osborn and 54 officers of the 12 lodges in the District. A feature of the banquet was the presentation of a history of the lodge, prepared by P.E.R. John H. Armstrong. Later Mr. Lewis attended a lodge meeting and initiation of candidates for Champaign, Urbana, Olney, Danville, Pontiac and Rock Island Lodges, and was guest of honor at a reception and smoker in the lodge's club rooms.

Observance of the 50th Anniversary of No. 398 lasted a week, with initiations, the presentations of Life Memberships, dances and dinners marking this important event.

Five hundred members of **MUSCATINE, IA., LODGE, NO. 304**, and over 100 from surrounding lodges attended the banquet given in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler on Nov. 20th. Later on, at a regular lodge session, 20 men joined the ranks of Elksdom in honor of the visitor. The lodge's Chanters serenaded Mr. Lewis with songs typical of California, and the lodge gave him an engraved 12-gauge automatic shotgun. Past State Pres. Arthur M. Umlandt acted as Master of Ceremonies and introduced the other guests, who were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Warner, Ill. State Pres. Zea, D.D. Harry Harder and Ia. State Pres. C. E. Richards, Jr., who officially presented the State bowling and golf trophies to Muscatine Lodge.

Nov. 21st found the Grand Exalted Ruler at a noon luncheon given by **OTTUMWA, IA., LODGE, NO. 347**, when 250 local and southeastern Iowa Elks were present. Among the dignitaries who were in attendance were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Warner who accompanied Mr. Lewis on this part of his journey, and Clyde E. Jones, a Chief Justice of the Grand Forum.

Later that day, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis arrived in Centerville accompanied by a special Elk committee from **CENTERVILLE, IA., LODGE, NO. 940**, which had gone to Ottumwa to escort the official party. These included E.R. B. O. Dunham, P.D.D.'s Henry Dukes and Paul R. Beck a resident of Oceanside, Calif., and a personal friend of Mr. Lewis', who made the special trip to his home town to be there on this memorable occasion. Mr. Jones and Mr. Warner were with the Order's leader on his arrival there, and addressed the capacity crowd which attended the banquet given that evening. This was the first

1
Two Californians enjoyed a real winter treat in Watertown, S. D., when Mr. and Mrs. Lewis took a sleigh ride during their Thanksgiving visit there.

2
At Canton, Ill., Lodge, top row, left to right: D.D. Warren B. Heaps, E.R. W. B. Rodman, Mr. Lewis, Est. Lect. Knight F. O. Mercer, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, Est. Lead. Knight James A. Murphy, Est. Loyal Knight R. D. Carson and Secy. A. L. Owings. In foreground, also reading left to right, Inner Guard T. T. Smith and Treas. F. C. Wasson.

3
At Centerville, Ia., Lodge are, left to right: Clyde Minor, E.R. B. O. Dunham, Chaplain Glen Waite, Past State Pres. Henry D. Dukes, Est. Lead. Knight Jimmy Samson, Trustee Dwight Selix, P.D.D. Paul Beck, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, Mr. Lewis, Chief Justice Clyde Jones of the Grand Forum, Trustee Richard Hamm, Secy. Robert Webb, Esq. Marvin Snodgrass, Est. Lect. Knight Harry Dukes, Inner Guard Henry Feldman, and Esteemed Loyal Knight Doctor E. N. Catterlin.

4
Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis, seated center, is pictured with officers and members of Yankton, S. D., Lodge.

5
Mr. Lewis and Sam Stern, Approving Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, are pictured, fifth and fourth from left, at the speakers' table at the North Dakota State Elks Assn. dinner at Minot.

6
Dignitaries of the Order, with the Grand Exalted Ruler, photographed at the banquet held by Billings, Mont., Lodge and attended by 250.



1. WATERTOWN, S. D.



2. CANTON, ILL.



3. CENTERVILLE, IA.



4. YANKTON, S. D.



5. NORTH DAKOTA ELKS ASSN.



6. BILLINGS, MONT.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

time a Grand Exalted Ruler had paid an overnight visit to the home of Centerville Lodge and its members made him most welcome. A banquet in honor of the distinguished visitor was held in the lodge dining room that evening serving a crowd of over 400. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. Warner and D.D. Harry Harder were also present. E. R. Dunham gave the address of welcome and Past State Pres. Henry D. Dukes acted as Toastmaster. After the banquet, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were introduced to members and their wives.

Mr. Lewis joined members of the **KANSAS STATE ELKS ASSN.** who gathered in Salina on Nov. 22nd and 23rd for their winter meeting. A special dinner during this meeting was attended by the Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Warner, State Pres. R. L. Johnsmeyer, State Secy. Sid Patterson and many other Kansas Elk dignitaries.

The official party traveled from Kansas to Nebraska on the 24th for Mr. Lewis' Nebraska meeting at the home of **GRAND ISLAND LODGE NO. 604.** Present at this meeting were all the State Assn. officers, as well as representatives of every lodge in the state. These included State Pres. Glenn F. Waugh, Chairman J. C. Travis of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, State Secy. H. P. Zieg, State Treas. F. C. Laird, Trustee J. M. Fitzgerald, D.D. M. E. Wilson and August Schneider, Chairman of the Benevolence Committee for the Assn. Mrs. Lewis was entertained by the Elks ladies.

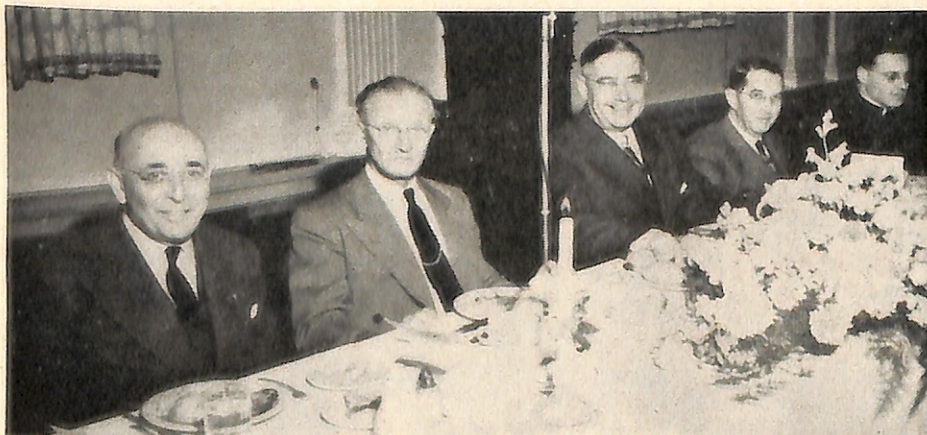
On Nov. 25th the Grand Exalted Ruler and his wife met with a group of members of **YANKTON, S. D., LODGE, NO. 994.** The following day, Mr. Lewis' birthday, D.D. Glen S. Paterson escorted them to Madison where they enjoyed lunch with members of **MADISON LODGE NO. 1442** and their ladies. Accompanied by Mr. Paterson, J. Ford Zietlow, former Chairman of the Board of Trustees and a group of Watertown Elks, they arrived at the home of **WATERTOWN LODGE NO. 838,** after a

hazardous journey over icy roads. Between Yankton and Watertown, the Grand Exalted Ruler's car had a blow-out and went into a ditch twice, giving the S. D. Highway Patrol an opportunity to give valuable assistance.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland introduced Mr. Lewis at a public meeting at the City Auditorium that afternoon. The Elks Male Chorus from Aberdeen Lodge No. 1046 traveled 107 miles over bad roads, and the Band from Sioux Falls Lodge No. 262 journeyed 117 miles, to be on hand for this gathering as well as the evening meeting at the lodge home, when a class was initiated in Mr. Lewis' honor. At both the public and Elk sessions, Mr. Lewis made a wonderful impression, delivering a real American message on the eve of a real American holiday—Thanksgiving. On the holiday, the members of Watertown Lodge entertained their visitors with "homey" touches, such as a sleigh ride on which Mrs. Lewis held the reins. Both she and her husband enjoyed this treat, being natives of sunny California, and felt it was a good preliminary to their turkey dinner at the home of D.D. Paterson and his wife.

At 8 p.m. that evening, the official party arrived at the home of **FARGO LODGE NO. 260,** after a journey from Watertown with E.R. Robert Peterson of Fargo Lodge driving their car.

Planned as a tribute to the memory of Grand Chaplain P. H. McGeough of Valley City, N. D., Lodge who died last year, the North Dakota Elks have launched a campaign to raise \$50,000 as a contribution to the Elks National Foundation for philanthropic work. The decision was made at the meeting of the **NORTH DAKOTA STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION** in Minot on Nov. 29th. The first contributor of \$100 to the fund was Mr. Lewis who visited Minot Lodge during the Association meeting. P.E.R. H. L. Halvorson was the second contributor. D.D. A. C. Thorkelson and Exalted Rulers of each of the ten North Dakota Lodges will guide the fund-raising. Sam



1. FARGO, N. D.

1

At Fargo, N.D., are, left to right, Sam Stern, Asst. Attorney General Peter Garberg, P.E.R., Mr. Lewis, D.D. A. C. Thorkelson and Rev. Father Lyons.

2

At New Haven, Conn., Lodge's welcome to the Grand Exalted Ruler are, left to right: Atty. Gen. William Hadden, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, Mr. Lewis, State Assn. Pres. George J. Grasser, Mayor William Celentano, State Police Commissioner Col. Edward J. Hickey, and Martin J. Cunningham, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary.

3

Mr. Lewis looks over Ottumwa, Ia., Lodge's fine bulletin. Left to right are Mr. Warner, Trustee John Weidenfeller, the Grand Exalted Ruler, Clyde E. Jones of the Grand Forum and E.R. Iloff Allender.

4

The Grand Exalted Ruler admires the beautifully engraved 12-gauge automatic shot gun presented to him by Muscatine, Ia., Lodge. D.D. Harry Harder, left, registers approval, while E.R. Walter Mahraun, right, who made the presentation, awaits Mr. Lewis' verdict.

5

At Mr. Lewis' Nebraska visit were, left to right, State Trustee J. M. Fitzgerald, State Treas. F. C. Laird, D.D. M. E. Wilson, the Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. Warner, State Pres. Glenn F. Waugh, Chairman August Schneider of the Benevolence Committee of the Assn., E.R. R. M. Romans of Grand Island Lodge, Chairman J. C. Travis of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee and State Secy. H. P. Zieg.

6

Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis enjoys a visit with blind World War II veteran Robert L. Kiesling and his family in the home presented to the Kieslings by Havre, Mont., Lodge.

7

In friendly conversation at Champaign, Ill., Lodge's dinner are left to right, the Grand Exalted Ruler, E.R. C. W. Clabaugh and State Assn. Pres. N. H. Feder.

8

At the Kansas State Elks Assn. meeting in Salina are, left to right, W. C. Nunn, J. S. Sterner, Mr. Lewis, Walter Gage, Mr. Warner, State Pres. R. F. Johnsmeyer, E.R. Ray B. Shidler and State Secy. Sid Patterson.



2. NEW HAVEN, CONN.



3. OTTUMWA, IA.



4. MUSCATINE, IA.



5. NEBRASKA STATE ELKS ASSN.



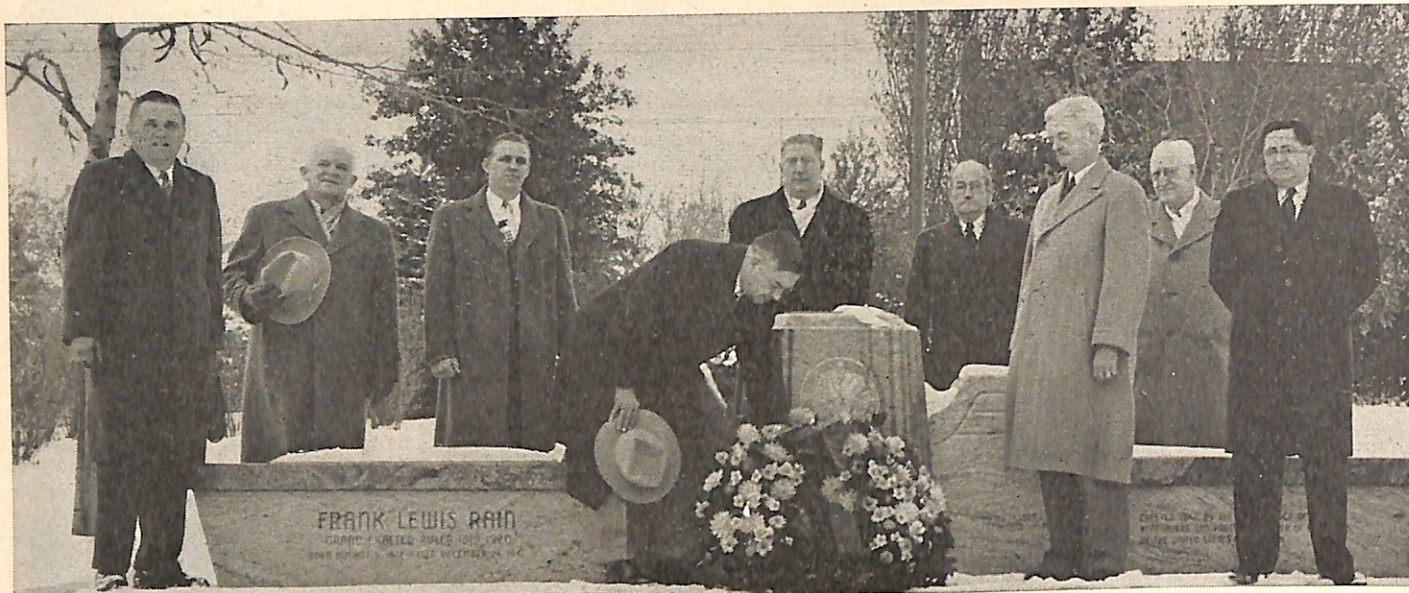
6. HAVRE, MONT.



7. CHAMPAIGN, ILL.



8. KANSAS STATE ELKS ASSN.



Mr. Lewis lays a wreath on the cenotaph of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain at Fairbury, Neb. From left to right are State Pres. Glenn F. Waugh, Est. Lead. Knight Arthur J. Denney, Est. Lect. Knight

Frederic W. Jones, Mr. Lewis, Inner Guard Charles Bokenkroger, Secy. John M. Martigan, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Warner, W. A. Wallace of the lodge's House Committee and E.R. John H. Maddern.

Stern, Approving Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, announced that Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett had made a \$5,000 contribution for use in crippled children's work in North Dakota, at Camp Grassick, an Elk-sponsored convalescent center.

Presented to the Grand Exalted Ruler, who was accompanied by Mrs. Lewis, was a chest of silver, a gift from Minot and Fargo Lodges, and the Association.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis accompanied by Mr. Stern and E.R. and Mrs. Peterson left Minot on the morning of Dec. 1st for Havre, Mont., where he was shown a fine display of western hospitality by the members of **HAVRE LODGE NO. 1201**. Mrs. Lewis was honored at a luncheon, and in the evening she was guest of honor at a dinner at the Havre Country Club when the Elks ladies gave her a beautiful metallic service.

Mr. Lewis attended a luncheon at the lodge home, meeting Elks from Havre, Shelby, Kalispell, Cut Bank and Great Falls Lodges. In the afternoon, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited Robert L. Kiesling, blind World War II veteran, and his family at his home which was presented to him by Havre Lodge in appreciation of the sacrifice he made for his country. Mr. Lewis also addressed Havre High School students that afternoon.

At a banquet at the lodge home that evening, a Stetson hat was given to the Order's leader, as well as an outdoors jacket and Pendleton blanket. Toastmaster Arthur F. Lamey introduced Mr. Lewis who delivered to the 500 in attendance, one of his splendid speeches, and expressed his appreciation for the surprise provided by the host lodge in sending flowers and having him and Mrs. Lewis as breakfast guests on the Empire Builder some time before it pulled into Havre.

At a public gathering in the high school auditorium, the Fraternity's leader gave an impressive address, aft-

er which he enjoyed a social session with Elks from lodges within the vicinity of the host lodge.

On Dec. 2nd the Grand Exalted Ruler paid his official visit to **GREAT FALLS, MONT., LODGE NO. 214**, when he was entertained at a noon luncheon and later at a banquet in the lodge home. The following day he and his party arrived for a meeting with members of **BILLINGS LODGE NO. 394**.

The Idaho State Elks Association's Crippled Children's Convalescent Home was dedicated on Dec. 5th, when Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis visited Boise. Governor C. A. Robins responded to Mr. Lewis' dedicatory address and P.E.R. William S. Hawkins of Coeur d'Alene Lodge acted as Master of Ceremonies, with the Boise Elks Band furnishing a musical background. The dedication was the outstanding feature of the annual midwinter meeting of the Association. The story of this splendid project appears on page 45 of this issue.

The visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis to the State of Washington gave 41,000 Elks the opportunity to meet him and hear his many stirring messages. Accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were met at the train in Seattle by Emmett T. Anderson, member of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission; John E. Drumme, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Arthur Ochsner, President of the Washington State Elks Assn. **EVERETT LODGE NO. 479** entertained the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Country Club on the evening of Dec. 9th, when about 100 officers and Exalted Rulers of the Northwest District lodges were present. Later Mr. Lewis addressed approximately 600 members at the home of the host lodge. The next day, **SEATTLE LODGE NO. 92** entertained the visitors at luncheon, and later a visit was paid to **PUYALLUP**

LODGE NO. 1450. TACOMA LODGE NO. 174 received the group that evening when 950 members greeted their leader. Early on Thursday morning, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Judge Lonergan and Mr. Anderson drove to the home of **OLYMPIA LODGE NO. 86** for a breakfast meeting, then E.R. Frank Hunt escorted the party to the State Capitol where a brief visit was enjoyed with Gov. Mon. C. Wallgren, **CHEHALIS LODGE NO. 1374** and **CENTRALIA LODGE NO. 1083** held a joint luncheon at Chehalis in honor of Mr. Lewis, with E.R. Ronald James presiding, and D.D. Emmett T. Krefting introducing the visitor to the other guests.

The next stop on the Washington tour was made at the home of **KELSO LODGE NO. 1482** for a visit with the Kelso Elks. From there a quick trip was made to **LONGVIEW LODGE NO. 1514** when Mr. Lewis inspected the lodge's Youth Center, which is its Living War Memorial, and got first-hand facts concerning this splendid playground. **VANCOUVER LODGE NO. 823** then received a call from the Order's chief, when he delivered an address to about 200 Elks. The official party was then escorted to the Multnomah Hotel in Portland, Ore., where the members of **PORTLAND LODGE NO. 142** had arranged another banquet. At this meeting the Grand Exalted Ruler was honored by the presence of Gov. Wallgren of Washington, Gov. John Hall of Oregon and Gov. Earl Warren of California, all of whom spoke briefly. Judge Lonergan introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler at the evening meeting in Portland, when the members of No. 142 presented a pair of Pendleton blankets to their guest.

Early Friday morning, Mr. & Mrs. Lewis, accompanied by Judge Lonergan, left for **ASHLAND, ORE., LODGE NO. 944** where a night meeting was scheduled. Following this meeting, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his wife left by car for their home in Whittier, Calif.

IDAHO ELKS

MEET POLIO

EMERGENCY



Above: Part of the crew that worked all one night assembling furniture in order to get the Home ready for polio patients. Left: Wilbur Dakin, P.E.R. of the Caldwell Lodge, and LaRue Shipley moving the first polio patient into the Elks Convalescent Home.

THE value of the manifold charitable activities of the Order of Elks was never brought home to a community with more impact than occurred during the polio epidemic which struck southwestern Idaho in the Fall of 1947.

It was in the winter of 1946 that the dreams of the men who had advocated crippled children work as a worthwhile program into which the lodges of Idaho could put forth their collective effort were developed into concrete results. The Collister estate at Boise, a thirty-room brick mansion with more than four acres of ground, had been purchased for use as a convalescent home where crippled children could receive the care and attention which would assist them in living healthy and reasonably active lives. Work was begun to adapt the structure to the needs of the home. Basic alterations progressed despite shortages of material and labor. By the end of August, 1947, the committee in charge felt so encouraged that October 1st was tentatively set as the date for the opening of the home. Then the polio epidemic struck to change the well-ordered plans.

There were but a few cases at first, and one can see the fear in the eyes of mothers and fathers as the diagnosis was made known. The number of cases

grew rapidly—to 107 by September 6th. By mid-October, 234 citizens, old as well as young, had fallen victims to polio-myelitis.

As the cases were brought in, facilities of the local hospitals were taxed beyond capacity. Boise, where the new convalescent home was being made ready, together with nearby Caldwell, was in the center of the epidemic area.

The Elks instantly saw the need for rushing the completion of the home to receive patients who were beyond the contagious stage and who could be released from hospitals. Members from Boise, Caldwell and Nampa Lodges, with personnel from the State Department of Health, worked through two nights to set up equipment at the home. The building throbbed with activity. Women volunteers came to help, most of them wives of Elks. They scrubbed floors, washed windows, spread clean linens and blankets on fifty newly-installed beds.

The renovation was completed more than a month ahead of the date previously scheduled. The first of the grateful patients were moved into the home on August 28th.

In praise of this magnificent effort, Governor C. A. Robins, a member of St. Maries Lodge No. 1418, issued this statement:

To the Elks:

Cooperation is a much-used term, and often mis-used, but the tangible evidence of what may be accomplished through cooperation is before us in the rapid and thorough development of the Convalescent Home for the care of our polio victims. I cannot be too lavish in praise of the individuals and organizations who have contributed so richly of time and talent to this enterprise. I am especially grateful that a

number of years ago, against odds, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks acquired a property and proceeded, as they were able, to prepare it for use as a Convalescent Home for Crippled Children. Had that foresight and effort not provided this possibility, it would have been extremely difficult to have provided care such as is being given here.

The Utah representative of the Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Frank S. Emory, made this comment on work done at Boise:

"It is the most momentous piece of work in the history of Idaho from the standpoint of public health." Chairman Robert S. Overstreet, of the State Elks Crippled Children's Commission, pointed out that every Elks lodge in the State of Idaho made financial contributions to the home that figured so dramatically in the emergency.

Although the Idaho State Elks Association's Crippled Children's Convalescent Home is now complete, many months will elapse before the patients stricken in the epidemic are discharged and the home assumes its true character as a haven for the rehabilitation of crippled children. When that transpires, the residents of Boise will observe about the home, on its spacious grounds, scenes that are repeated daily in other Elk Homes devoted to this humanitarian work, such as the Betty Bacharach Home in New Jersey, Aidmore in Georgia, and the Harry-Anna Home in Florida, to mention a few. They will see boys and girls, with faces radiating their restored confidence in themselves, through regulated exercise, proper diet, physical therapy and other measures known to medical science, change before their eyes into useful members of the community.

News of the SUBORDINATE LODGES

SHEBOYGAN, WIS., Lodge, No. 299, celebrated the complete recovery of its No. 1 member, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, Charles E. Broughton, with a banquet on Dec. 2nd, and the presentation of a solid gold Honorary Life Membership card. Mr. Broughton suffered serious back injuries in an automobile accident last April during his tenure of office as the Order's leader. Speakers for the occasion were P.D.D. Jacob F. Federer, banquet chairman and official greeter; D.D. John M. Poole who introduced the dignitaries; Special Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Bert A. Thompson; State Assn. Pres. Dr. A. V. Delmore, and Acting Exalted Ruler Dr. George J. Juckem. The Past Grand Exalted Ruler responded with words of appreciation and a stirring address on Elkdom.

Among those present from Wisconsin were State Association officers, former and active District Deputies and officers and members of the lodges in the State. Following the banquet, everyone enjoyed a social hour in the newly remodeled and redecorated lounge and cardroom of the Elks home.

No. 299 came through with flying colors at the annual inspection held not long ago when D.D. John Poole, a member of Sheboygan Lodge, made his official visit there; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Broughton was on hand that evening, too. P.E.R. William Arndt acted in the capacity of Exalted Ruler in the absence of Harley L. Halverson and assisted the lodge's officers in the initiation of a class of candidates. Both Mr. Poole and Mr. Broughton addressed the gathering, and the remainder of the evening was spent in a social meeting.

ROCK ISLAND, ILL., Lodge, No. 980, fell right in with the season several weeks ago, and put on a dinner, with important sports figures as guests and entertainment for the Rock Island High School's Northwest and Quad-City Conference football champions. The biggest draw of the evening was Harold "Red" Grange, the Galloping Ghost, All-American gridiron star of the University of Illinois and later a pro backfield ace with the Chicago Bears. He got right into the spirit of things and devoted most of his informal talk to fascinating anecdotes about football as he knew it. Mayor Melvin L. McKay was Toastmaster, following his introduction by E.R. Leo V. Mortell, who also introduced the other special guests, most of them football coaches and school authorities.

WISCONSIN STATE ELKS ASSN. The 45th Annual Convention of the Wisconsin Elks Assn. took place at the home of Superior Lodge No. 403 on Aug. 21st, 22nd and 23rd. Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis was guest of honor at the banquet held on the evening of the 23rd.

Highlighting the convention was the formation of a permanent statutory committee known as the Hospitalized Veterans Entertainment Committee which will carry on the work of entertaining veterans in the State's Government hospitals.

The following officers were elected: Pres., Dr. A. V. Delmore, Two Rivers; Vice-Pres.-at-Large, Wm. J. Eulberg, Portage; Vice-Pres., N.E., Charles Urbanek, Manitowoc; Vice-Pres. So., Wm. I. O'Neill, Milwaukee; Vice-Pres., N.W., George Cardinal, Jr., Chippewa Falls; Secy., Leo H. Schmalz, Kaukauna; Treas., Wm. H. Otto, Racine, and Trustee-at-Large, Frank W. Fisher, Janesville.

Madison was selected as the meeting place for the 1948 Convention. The date has not yet been determined.

JAMESTOWN, N. D., Lodge, No. 995, put its city's campaign to raise funds for a new swimming pool \$10,000 nearer its goal recently. Twenty-four hours after the campaign to raise \$125,000 was announced, E.R. H. W. Wicks reported his lodge's gift.

No. 995 has consistently played a major part in constructive community enterprises, and this donation was one more evidence of its interest in the welfare of the youth of Jamestown.

GREELEY, COLO., Lodge, No. 809, started off the big-gifts donation to the community building public subscription fund with a contribution of \$50,000. The presentation was made by E.R. R. F. Williams to P.E.R. Harry R. Hibbs, Chairman of the Big Gifts Committee, at a ceremony in the lodge home. It is believed that the Elks' donation is the largest voluntary contribution of any organization ever made to a public project in Greeley in the past 35 years.

One of the largest crowds of the year attended the meeting at which the donation was made. The city auditorium to be erected in the near future will house facilities for the youth of the community, it was announced by State Senator Walter L. Bain, Chairman of the Committee and a member of Greeley Lodge.

1
Harold "Red" Grange, principal speaker at the Rock Island, Ill., Elks' banquet honoring the city's grid champions, passes the ball to Toastmaster Mayor Melvin L. McKay. Left to right around the "Galloping Ghost" are Carl Herwig, Fred Potter, E.R. Leo V. Mortell, Coach H. V. Almquist, H. P. Buck, Mayor McKay and Monte Hance.

2
Present when Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge honored Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton were, left to right, standing: P.D.D. Jacob Federer, P.D.D. John C. Fay, Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Bert Thompson, P.D.D. Harold F. Londo and Acting E.R. Dr. George J. Juckem; seated: State Assn. Secy. Leo Schmalz, State Pres. Dr. A. V. Delmore, Mr. Broughton, D.D. John Poole and P.D.D. E. L. Hubbard.

3
Here are the members of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge's bowling team, who are the Civic League Bowling Champions of the Palm Beaches. Left to right are Ed Bohmer, A. G. Diemer, Gordon Wolf, Walter Colebrook, Les Bohn, Harry L. Conyers and E.R. W. E. Poland, Jr.

4
Congressional Medal of Honor winner, M/Sgt. Hulon N. Whittington, initiated in honor of the visit of D.D. Charles O. Lawson and the homecoming of State Vice-Pres. F. J. Fitzpatrick to Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, is pictured with, left to right, E.R. E. E. Haug, Mr. Lawson, Secretary George I. Hall of the Board of Grand Trustees and Mr. Fitzpatrick.

5
These men are the 1947-48 officers of the Wisconsin Elks Assn.

6
Ionia, Mich., Lodge's Youth Committee, in charge of after-game dances for local high school students.

7
For the splendid job it did in rehabilitating a veteran temporarily suffering from blindness, Compton, Calif., Lodge recently received the Compton Eagles' outstanding community service award. At left is E.R. A. W. Mochon and at right is Floyd Trebil, director of the Elks Veterans Rehabilitation Program. The award centers around aid given Mr. and Mrs. Paul Rice and their daughter, center.

8
This photo was taken at a crippled children's hospital when the Coraopolis, Pa., Elks put on a party there.



1. ROCK ISLAND, ILL.



2. SHEBOYGAN, WIS.



3. WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.



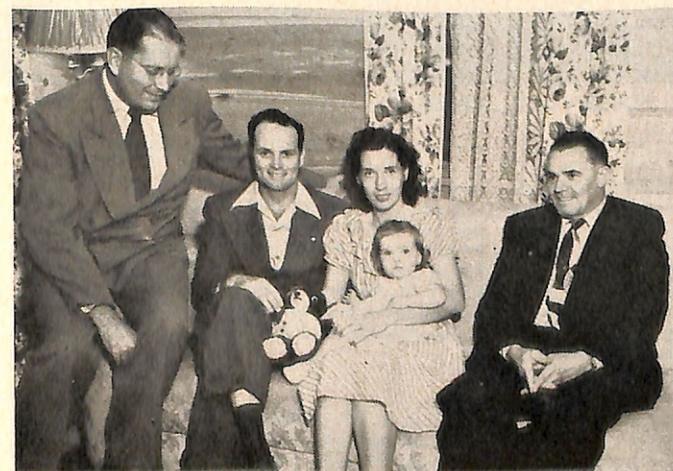
4. LYNBROOK, N. Y.



5. WISCONSIN ELKS ASSN.



6. IONIA, MICH.



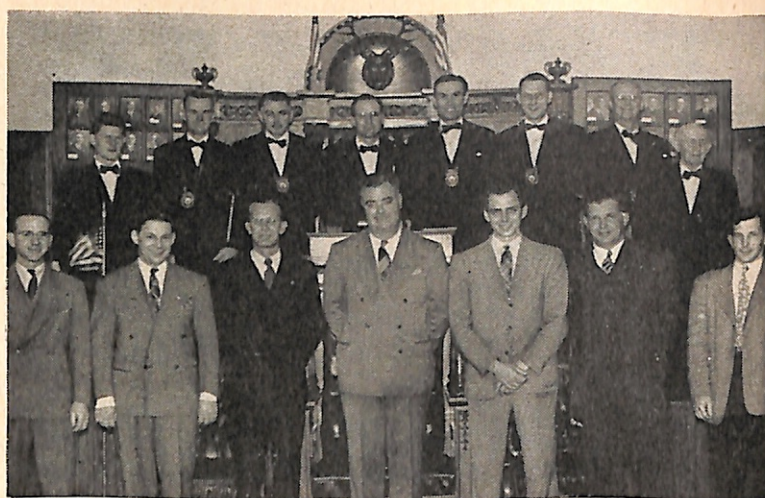
7. COMPTON, CALIF.



8. CORAOPOLIS, PA.



1. TOWSON, MD.



2. ROSEBURG, ORE.



3. UNION, N. J.



4. PUNXSUTAWNEY, PA.



5. WARRENSBURG, MO.



6. NASHVILLE, TENN.

1 D.D. Richard C. Munson and E.R. J. William Hughes, seated fourth and fifth from left, are pictured with Townson, Md., Lodge officers and 16 men initiated in Mr. Munson's honor.

2 Officers of Roseburg, Ore., Lodge stand behind the seven men they recently initiated.

3 Officials of Union, N.J., Lodge are pictured with one of the two beautiful doll houses built and furnished by E.R. Henry Magnussen. One

house was raffled for the benefit of the lodge's Crippled Children's Fund; the other was donated to the Westfield Children's Home.

4 Twelve new Punxsutawney, Pa., Elks are pictured with lodge officers, D.D. William Forsythe and State Assn. Pres. Regis Maloney. The class was initiated in honor of P.E.R. Walter S. Brown, a Charter Member.

5 This photograph was taken when Warrensburg, Mo., Lodge honored Grand Est. Lecturing Knight H. H. Russell. Front row, left to right,

are State Assn. Treas. M. F. Thurston, Past State Presidents E. J. Martt, J. N. Miniace and Mayor H. R. Garrison, D.D.'s C. S. Harrell and J. M. Cosgrove, State Pres. John T. Dumont and Mr. Russell. Back row: Est. Lect. Knight W. W. Austin, Est. Loyal Knight W. R. Bodenhamer, Est. Lead. Knight Forrest Tivis, E.R. V. K. White and Judge James R. Garrison, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary.

6 The D.D. E. W. McCabe Class of Nashville, Tenn., Lodge, with the lodge officers, Mr. McCabe, standing center, and Special Deputy Floyd Brown looking over his shoulder.



7. IOWA CITY, IA.



8. GLENDALE, CALIF.



9. LEECHBURG, PA.



10. ABERDEEN, WASH.



11. NORTH DAKOTA ELKS ASSN.



12. SPRINGFIELD, VT.

7

D.D. Harry Harter, standing left, is pictured with the officers of Iowa City, Ia., Lodge.

8

Officers of Glendale, Calif., Lodge are pictured at the lodge's 35th Anniversary celebration, when 20, 35, 40, 45 and 50-year members received service pins.

9

Here is part of the large crowd of Elks and guests who attended the 50th Anniversary Dinner of Leechburg, Pa., Lodge.

10

Here is a photograph taken when Emmett T. Anderson, a member of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, presented to Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge and individual team members, the lodge's Grand Lodge Four-Man Golf Team trophies. Left to right are Edward F. Gozart, Les Carlson and Al Bardy, team members; F. R. Copeland; E.R. T. M. Wake; P.D.D. E. J. Alexander; State Assn. Pres. Arthur Oschner; State Golf Chairman Leo J. Hartnett; Mr. Anderson, and Secy. Tom Randall. John Hulbert, the fourth team member, was unable to attend the ceremony.

11

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert S. Barrett, left, hands his gift of a \$5,000 check to Sam Stern, Approving Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, for the use of the North Dakota Elks Association in aiding crippled children.

12

Officers of Springfield, Vt., Lodge are pictured on the occasion of D.D. Ronald Cheney's official visit. Seated are, left to right, Mr. Cheney, Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers and E.R. J. C. Bugbee.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE

LODGES

CUMBERLAND, MD., Lodge, No. 63, once again contributed its talents to the annual Minstrel Show, with more success than ever. The show was enjoyed by a crowd of 1,500 in one of the local theaters. Besides having a good time, the members of No. 63 were able to turn over the healthy sum of \$6,100, the total net proceeds of the affair, to the Allegany County League for Crippled Children. Two Honorary Life Members of Cumberland Lodge are especially deserving of compliments on the success of the show—P.D.D. John H. Mosner, Chairman for the production, and P.E.R. Leo H. Ley, Sr., Director.

During the intermission, Dr. George Bennett, world-famous bone specialist, personally accepted the donation of the lodge on behalf of the crippled children.

DECATUR, ILL., Lodge, No. 401, entertained the billiard master, Willie Hoppe, some time ago, who in turn put on a terrific show for No. 401's billiard players and their wives. Naturally, Mr. Hoppe won all contests during the afternoon and evening, while over 400 persons watched. The games were played in the lodge's ballroom on a new table, to Mr. Hoppe's obvious pleasure.

PRATT, KANS., Lodge, No. 1451, celebrated its 25th Anniversary in the Fall of the past year and initiated eight candidates to mark the occasion. With a present membership of 445, No. 1451 is enlarging its already lovely home to accommodate the expected growth in the roster. Of the Charter Member Class of 54, 15 are still active in lodge affairs. Its appeal is wide, as witnessed by the initiation two years ago, of 93-year-old J. L. Hodges, whose son Overton is a Charter Member of Pratt Lodge.

Up to the time of his trip to visit another son in California, J. L. Hodges had never missed a lodge meeting.

HANOVER, PA., Lodge, No. 763, formed a Male Chorus in May, 1946, and it is now an integral part of the organization. It takes part in the ritualistic work of the lodge and recently helped initiate a class of candidates during the visit of D.D. L. A. McKenzie. Gratis appearances are made for the various civic organizations and churches of the community, and not long ago a concert was given at the Pennsylvania Tuberculosis Sanatorium. A full program is planned for this group during the coming months.

1

Here are honored guests and 18 P.E.R.'s at Weehawken, N. J., Lodge's Silver Anniversary Dinner.

2

Officers and members of Pratt, Kans., Lodge, with the members of the lodge's 25th Anniversary Class.

3

James L. McGovern, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, seated fourth from left, is pictured with some of those who honored him on his birthday recently in Bridgeport, Conn. Among those present were many luminaries of the publishing world, prominent Elks and civic officials, including State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey. One of the prized congratulatory letters received by Mr. McGovern was signed by nearly 200 members of New London, Conn., Lodge.

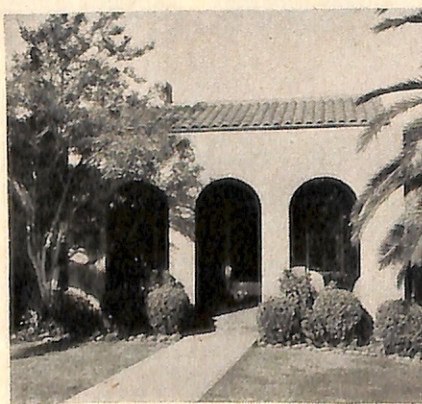
4

San Juan, P. R., Lodge's officers are pictured with the class of candidates initiated in honor of the visit of District Deputy A. J. Perrone.

In 1925 the U.S. Government erected the Veterans Hospital near Cresta Blanca in Livermore, California. Costing \$1,300,000 and containing 300 beds for invalid servicemen, the hospital contains the most modern equipment for the treatment of tuberculosis. Although everything was provided for the patients' physical comfort, the mental comfort which comes to them through prolonged visits of their loved ones was overlooked. Hospital rules forbid visitors to stay at the institution overnight and, since the sanitarium is five miles from town, visitors had to return there for lodging. This was a very poor arrangement, particularly when a patient was near death and having a relative within call would mean so much.

The Elk lodges of Alameda, Berkeley, Oakland and Richmond, California, realized the need for some overnight accommodations for these visitors whose presence is so vital to the invalids. In true Elk manner, the members of these lodges as-

sumed the task of raising funds to furnish such accommodations. On the night of March 6, 1925, the Oakland Auditorium was the scene of the biggest and best entertainment of its kind ever given there. The house was sold out and the amount raised was \$15,000—enough to build the Hostage Cottage for the use of visiting mothers, wives, sweethearts and sisters of the hospitalized veterans, with the additional gift of



radio equipment for each hospital room, stage and hall furnishings for the public hall and equipment and furniture for the library and recreation rooms.

That the Cottage has served its purpose is evidenced by impressive facts and figures.

From April, 1926, to April, 1947, approximately 30,555 visitors came from every State in the Union to see patients at the hospital. Of these, 12,978 stayed overnight in the Cottage and 9,324 children were taken care of there while their mothers visited the patients.

Although this deed of the California East Bay Lodges was accomplished many years ago, the good has carried on through this day. The story is told here for the benefit of those other Elk lodges in whose territories Veterans Hospitals may be located, and where it may be just as difficult for the invalid servicemen to enjoy the company of their close relatives for any length of time.



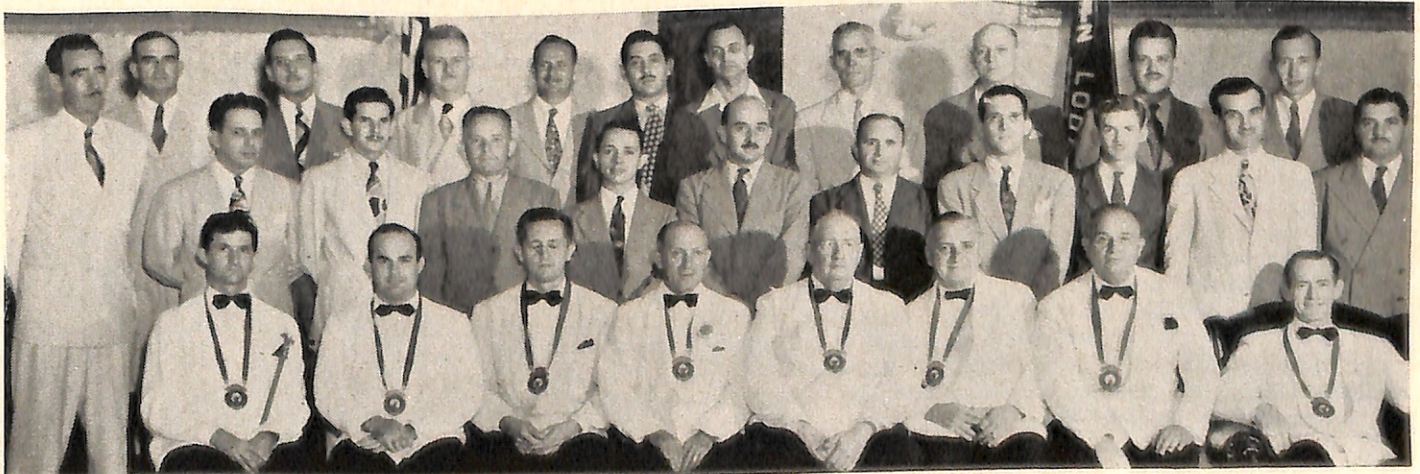
1. WEEHAWKEN, N. J.



2. PRATT, KANS.



3. BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



4. SAN JUAN, P. R.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE

LODGES

HANFORD, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1259, entertained Fresno Lodge officers headed by P.E.R. J. Wiley Hudson, recently, when the visitors, accompanied by a large delegation of members, made the trip to initiate a class of candidates. Other out-of-towners were present from New York City and San Diego, San Pedro and Bishop, Calif. Sgt. George Fish, representing the recruiting service for the U. S. Army and the National Guard, requested at this meeting that Hanford Lodge appoint a committee to assist in the recruiting work. E.R. Ned Cornelius announced that he would make the appointment.

James Slaybaugh, one of the winners in the 1947 Elks National Foundation Scholarship Contest, received his \$100 check from the California lodges at this meeting. Another item of interest was the lodge's decision, made at that session, to sponsor a Cub Scout Troop.

No. 1259 celebrated its 36th Anniversary not long ago with 360 members on hand to enjoy a turkey dinner and musical entertainment. A feature of the lodge session was the visit of D.D. Willis M. Basye who came from Merced with a delegation of members from Merced and Fresno Lodges. Four candidates were initiated at this meeting, with several interesting addresses highlighting the affair; P.E.R. J. E. Richmond, acting as historian, gave a brief review of Hanford Lodge which is in splendid financial condition, and is a leader in the community's welfare and service activities.

EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK., Lodge, No. 1042, was instituted Nov. 23rd through the particular efforts of W. S. Kitchen, Exalted Ruler of the new lodge, who was aided by State Assn. Pres. W. H. Laubach. Mr. Kitchen is also responsible for the founding of Mountain Home Lodge No. 1714, whose institution was reported in these columns some months ago.

The officers and members of Hot Springs Lodge No. 380, led by E.R. Richard M. Ryan, conducted the initiation of the members of No. 1042 which lost its original charter many years ago. D.D. E. P. Mathes presided at the institution and installation ceremonies, receiving splendid assistance from Past District Deputy John P. Faye.

MAHANOEY CITY, PA., Lodge, No. 695, put out the welcome mat for D.D. Thomas F. Burke, Jr., of the Northeast District when he made his official visit there. The lodge room was crowded with local Elks and visiting members from neighboring branches of the Order.

A class of 25 candidates was initiated by the outstanding Degree Team of the district. A new Guard of Honor performed for the first time that evening and its work aided materially in the success of the evening. After the lodge session, during which Mr. Burke delivered a splendid talk, the guests were royally entertained in the grill room of No. 695's spacious home.

WILSON, N. C., Lodge, No. 840, lost one of its Charter Members and Past Exalted Rulers on Nov. 25th, when Ed. W. Davis, for 25 years city editor of *The Wilson Daily Times*, died suddenly in a Wilson Hospital as the result of a cerebral hemorrhage.

Besides acting as Exalted Ruler of No. 840, Mr. Davis served on numerous committees. For the past several years he served as Secretary of the North Carolina State Elks Association, originating the sale of seals for the benefit of the Boys' Camp at Hendersonville. Mr. Davis was appointed District Deputy at the 1944 Grand Lodge Convention in Chicago.

GAINESVILLE, FLA., Lodge, No. 990, welcomed D.D. Julian Smith on his official visit and heard a very informative address delivered before over 300 members representing 19 lodges. State Assn. Pres. Cullen Talton, Vice-Pres. W. A. Partain, Treas. C. L. Johnson and Assn. Historian Howell A. Davis were on hand, together with Past Presidents James J. Fernandez, J. Frank Umstot, Frank Thompson, C. G. Campbell, Robert Bohon, and L. F. Chapman. Other dignitaries included P.D.D.'s Marion Collins, Rupert G. Zeigler and O. B. Shanley, and the entire Harry-Anna Crippled Children's Commission: Carl Rose, Willis McCall, B. W. Bryant, Mr. Fernandez and Mr. Umstot. A large class of candidates was initiated, and a delightful dinner was served by Gordon Hemby, Chairman of the lodge's Food Committee.

A memento of his visit was presented to Mr. Smith by E.R. Samuel W. Getzen.

1
Here are the members of the Male Chorus of Hanover, Pa., Lodge who are making gratis appearances throughout their community. Miss Mary L. Waltersdorf, guest soloist, is pictured with the group.

2
These men are the officers and Charter Members of Eureka Springs, Ark., Lodge which was instituted recently.

3
The officers of New Lexington, Ohio, Lodge are pictured with a class of 19 candidates, initiated in honor of Robert Hampton, seventh from left, who secured each of these new Elks, all business and professional men from Somerset and Junction City.

4
This is the cast of "Alabamy Bound", a show put on for several days by Waukegan, Ill., Lodge. The proceeds from this show, which is the third annual affair of its kind, go into the lodge's general charity fund.



4. WAUKEGAN, ILL.



1. HANOVER, PA.



2. EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK.



3. NEW LEXINGTON, OHIO



NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

WINTHROP, MASS., Lodge, No. 1078, as well as the whole State of Massachusetts, mourns the passing of Daniel J. Honan, former State representative and an active member of the Elks.

Mr. Honan acted as Exalted Ruler of his lodge, District Deputy for the Mass. Southeast District, President of the State Elks Assn., and as field representative for the Elks War Commission during World War II.

Among those present at the funeral services were Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley and E. Mark Sullivan; Past Grand Treasurer John F. Burke; Edward A. Spry, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and several Mass. State Elks Association officials: Pres. Irving R. Shaw and Vice-Presidents Judge John E. Fenton, William R. Burns and John A. O'Brien; D.D.'s Joseph D. Parker, Harry A. McGrath and John H. Hall; former Gov. Maurice J. Tobin; former Attorney General Paul A. Dever; former Commissioner of Labor and Industries James T. Moriarty; Commissioner of Labor and Industries Daniel J. Boyle; Senator Joseph A. Melley; U. S. Clerk of Court John A. Canavan; Representative Thomas E. Key, Speaker of the House Frederick B. Willis, and many other town and State officials. A large delegation of local and out of town Elks was also present. Past Presidents of the Mass. Elks Assn. who were on hand were Edward M. Davis, Michael H. McCarron, Edward D. Larkin, William F. Hogan, Arthur J. Harty, George Steele and Mason S. McEwan.

ORANGE, N. J., Lodge, No. 135, under the auspices of its Paraplegic Committee and with valuable assistance from the Elks ladies, conducted an extremely successful card party early in December for the benefit of the lodge's paraplegic fund.

A check in the amount of \$1,000 was turned over to Joseph Bader of Lyndhurst Lodge, Chairman of the N. J. State Elks' Paraplegic Committee, by Leo A. Cruise, Chairman of Orange Lodge's Paraplegic Committee. An additional check was turned over to Mr. Bader at a later date. Both Mr. Bader and Past State Assn. Pres. Wm. J. McCormack, Chairman of the Association's Veterans Service Committee, addressed the audience.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., Lodge, No. 645, welcomed State Assn. Vice-Pres. V. F. Vincent Hauber of the East Central District on his homecoming visit with a turnout of more than 200 members. State Assn. Pres. William F. Edelmuth was among the speakers of the evening as well as Rev. T. E. Kaminski, State Assn. Chaplain; State Assn. Trustee Charles A. Ryan, and D.D. Thomas A. Shankey. A delegation of nine former Association Vice-Presidents escorted Mr. Hauber. They included Raymond A. Henry, Willard N. Lyman, Franz J. Dienst and Edwin P. Valkenburgh, all of Middletown; Sydney Flisser, Kingston; Isadore Benjamin, Liberty, and Eli T. Conner and Philip S. Parker of Port Jervis. After Mr. Hauber's address, P.E.R. Warren L. Fisher of the host lodge presented an engraved gold watch and chain to the Vice-President on behalf of No. 645. Prior to the session, State and Grand Lodge officers, with members from out-of-town lodges, were the guests of E.R. Charles E. Bierlein and his fellow officers at a banquet. A buffet supper was served at the conclusion of the meeting.

TACOMA, WASH., Lodge, No. 174, mourns the loss of its senior Past Exalted Ruler, Major Charles O. Bates, who died November 25th at the age of 92.

Funeral services were held at the Pittman Funeral Home in Kent. Pallbearers included Past Exalted Rulers of Tacoma Lodge: Emmett T. Anderson, a member of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission; Rinaldo Keasal; John B. Cromwell, Jr.; Earl C. Reynolds; Bertil E. Johnson, and W. D. Lyness.

Born in Almont, Mich., Major Bates came to Tacoma in 1892 where he became one of the city's most colorful personalities in law, fraternal activities and politics. He served at one time as prosecuting attorney of Pierce County and helped organize the Washington State Elks Assn., becoming its first President. As a lawyer, he headed the firm of Bates, Peer & Peterson; as a soldier, he saw active duty in the Sioux Indian War under the leadership of General Nelson A. Miles.

The Major is survived by his wife, Mary Kathleen, a son, Russell Bates, and an older brother, Rev. Henry L. Bates.

1
The officers of Jerome, Ariz., Lodge are pictured with H. E. Williams, President of the Arizona State Elks Assn., second row, third from left, and the class of candidates initiated in honor of Mr. Williams' visit.

2
Prescott, Ariz., Lodge's officers are shown with D.D. Dr. Joseph T. Pecharich, fifth from left, center row, and the three candidates initiated in honor of his official visit.

3
These Elk officials were present at Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge with State Pres. William F. Edelmuth and Vice-Pres. F. Vincent Hauber.

4
At the New Mexico Elks Assn. Convention were, standing, left to right, Grand Est. Lead, Knight D. E. Lambourne, Pres. Robert Sandusky, Secy. Joseph Faletti and Treas. Guido Zecca; front row, Assn. Trustees William J. Bingham, Harold Long, Capt. John France, Ben Ginsberg and Past Pres. Mosey Goodman.

5
Guests at the 47th Anniversary Dinner of Milford, Mass., Lodge were, front row, left to right, three of the four surviving Charter Members: Robert A. Cook, Dr. Harrie H. Newcomb and Herbert F. Robers. Back row, D.D. Harry A. McGrath, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Edward A. Spry, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, Secy.-Treas. Thomas Coppinger of the Mass. Elks Assn., Charles F. Cahill, Secy. of Milford Lodge for 44 years, P.E.R. Alfred B. Cenedella, and P.D.D. Peter G. Leger.

6
Chairman Frank Vetter of Bayonne, N. J., Lodge's Bowling Committee, gets set to roll the first ball at the inauguration of the Elk-sponsored High School Bowling League for boys. A girl's league also has been organized by the lodge.

7
Beaver Falls, Pa., Lodge recently dedicated its handsome memorial shaft at impressive ceremonies in Grove Cemetery, in memory of its departed members. Included in the group which attended the ritual were P.D.D. Howard Ellis and the lodge officers. D.D. Verne R. Carr was the principal speaker at exercises held later in the day.



1. JEROME, ARIZ.



2. PRESCOTT, ARIZ.



3. PORT JERVIS, N. Y.



4. NEW MEXICO ELKS ASSN.



5. MILFORD, MASS.



6. BAYONNE, N. J.



7. BEAVER FALLS, PA.

editorial

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP . . ."
—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

A BADGE OF HONOR



THE BENEVOLENT and Protective Order of Elks is "distinctively American". Membership therein is a privilege of which any man may be proud. Its insignia marks the wearer as a loyal American.

Wear the emblem of your Order. It invites fraternal contacts and associations that may prove well worthy of cultivation. Many fine friendships have grown out of casual meetings, and otherwise lonesome journeys have been enriched with genial companionship accrued from mutual recognition of the insignia. The Elk is friendly and companionable, he likes to know his Brother, and needs only the invitation of the emblem to "walk right up and say, hello!"

The day of flamboyantly advertising one's membership is over. The hatrack button, ornate charm and obtrusive watch fob have been carried away on the shifting tides of men's taste and fancy, and the insignia may now be had in neat and unobtrusive designs, the wearing of which will offend no man's taste or impair his dignity.

Whatever form the emblem may take, it is a badge of honor proclaiming the affiliation of the wearer with a great American Fraternity whose mission is to serve our country, and to implant the spirit of brotherhood in the hearts of men.

THE JOLLY CORKS



ON THE 16th of February, 1868, fifteen men, members of a little coterie affiliated with the theater and called collectively "The Jolly Corks", met in a room on New York's Bowery and organized the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

These men had in mind a fraternity, theatrical in membership, with its benefactions directed toward aiding distressed and indigent members of their own profession. A few men from outside the amusement ranks had been admitted, and these wisely counselled that the nomadic life of the actor would not permit the time and attention necessary to make this Utopian dream come true. Their counsel prevailed, the barrier was lifted, and for the first time, player and play-goer were offered opportunity to meet on common ground.

Many versions of the origin of the Order have been written, most of them based on imperfect memories, bias and personal prejudice. It was not until the Fraternity became prominent that the circumstances of its origin became in any degree controversial, and these attempts at early history contribute little to the over-all picture of today. The pioneers are all gone, and hardly a man now alive can recall them.

But the indisputable fact remains that it was "The Jolly Corks" who laid the foundation and ground work upon which the structure of our Order stands today. It was a majority of the original group who, in opposition to a minority that advocated that the Order be patterned after a British fraternity known as the "Buffaloes", was responsible for the name "Elk", and for the distinctive ritual, parts of which are incorporated in that of the present day.

As we celebrate the birth of the Order let us not forget the group of obscure actors whose dreams sowed the seed from which has grown our great humanitarian institution of today. From them we inherited the simple ideals and humane principles which down the years have appealed to the hearts of men. It was they who pointed the way to the distinctive Americanism which makes the Elks stand out above the rest—worthy to have been born in February, the natal month of Washington and Lincoln—before the shrine of whose memory all Elkdom pauses to bow.

LAPSATION



LAPSATION, like the proverbial poor, is always with us. Regardless of the fact that the Order attained peak membership as of March 31, 1947, in that same year 24,137 were stricken from the rolls. Though not a great number in the face of a gain of 84,932, it is an indication of a leak, and leaks are dangerous. They must be traced and repaired.

One source of leakage may be traced to the non-payment of October dues. Lapsation Committees usually begin their activities as the end of the year approaches. They should begin with the collection of October dues. It is then that delinquency begins, and it is much less difficult to collect six months' dues, than dues for the year.

Every member who does not at this time hold a card paid to April 1st is delinquent. He is a candidate for the list of delinquents to be presented at the last meeting in March.

Some members, particularly those who are not active in lodge affairs, are prone to be careless about paying dues. A vigorous follow-up to prevent their drift across the April 1st line should begin now.

The Secretary's office is set up for collecting as well as receiving dues. It is the duty of the Lapsation Committee to aid in making collections, not only to salvage delinquents.

Intensive efforts to bring all October 1st cards to date will make less work for the Secretary and Lapsation Committee at the end of the lodge year.

AS OTHERS SEE US



IN HIS October Message Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis made brief reference to congratulations sent him by Mr. Sid Woodbury, President of the Portland Chamber of Commerce, on the success of the Grand Lodge Session which he characterized as "perhaps the most orderly and appreciative large Convention ever held in Portland".

Mayor Earl Riley, expressing his appreciation of the Elks, says in a letter to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Broughton, "Portland will always look back with fond memories of the Convention of the B.P.O.E. It was one of the most successful and orderly we have ever had the pleasure of serving. All our people were impressed with the high caliber of your membership and the fine manner in which they conducted themselves."

This appraisal of "ourselves as others see us", coming from two top civic leaders of the Convention City, should stimulate our pride in the Order for it makes us mindful of the fact that Elks, individually and collectively, prove themselves worthy of the classification, "American gentlemen".

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2



3



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